

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3155.—VOL. CXV.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



BRITISHER AND BOER: MAJOR-GENERAL FRENCH AND PRESIDENT KRUGER'S COUSIN DISCUSSING THE CRISIS ON BOARD THE UNION LINER "NORMAN."

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Melton Prior, on his Way to the Front.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I don't know whether ladies ever read the proceedings at diocesan conferences; if not, I would commend to their notice something that happened lately at Worcester. The inevitable curate question came up: how to provide curates (rather easy), how to provide for curates (quite another pair of shoes), how to keep curates from marrying when there's barely enough to keep the curate from starving. A Local Government Board inspector proposed a resolution: it doesn't matter, for it is never the resolution that counts, only what is said about it and around it. The proposer was very explicit. He said the economic reasons against early marriage in general applied to curates with tenfold force. (I am not sure whether this was a hint at the possible dimensions of the married curate's family.) Economic reasons! Here's a nice cold secular douche for a pious tradition. Hitherto the curates (with families that expand and stipends that don't) have been pillars of that domesticity which is the ark of our social system. And this iconoclast at the Worcester Diocesan Conference talked as if the curate were subject to the law of supply and demand, or any such heathenism. He might as well have talked Malthus, that awful phenomenon who, I believe, was once a curate himself.

When strange doctrines are thrust upon us, we have to look closely into the motives of the doctrinaires. Motives, as the wise Talleyrand knew, are the springs of the most apparently involuntary actions. "What could have been his object in dying now?" Talleyrand said when the death of that heretic at Worcester? Luckily, he did not attempt to disguise it; so on this point at least there can be no controversy. He wished young ladies in congregations to understand that the curate is not the only eligible man in the parish. Jealousy, don't you see! The miserable jealousy of the envious layman who, when the new and mystical curate—the type of curate to go to the stake for the sake of incense—makes his first appearance at the reading-desk, is furious because every pair of fine eyes promptly turns in that direction! No wonder he demands celibacy for the curate under the hypocritical pretence of economic reasons. If he could only get those irresistible spiritual graces out of the way, he might hope to tempt the fine eyes in the congregation with merely worldly fascinations—say, the varied charms of the Local Government Board. This is natural, I suppose; from the nether stratum of unregeneracy these ambitious vapours are always rising to dim the effulgence of pure spirit decked in a surplice. But that they should rise unabashed at a diocesan conference fills me, I confess, with stupefaction.

Nobody else has taken this seriously. That Local Government Board inspector, with his economic reasons, has excited no resentment save mine, and perhaps mine is needless. If he knew anything of economics, this inspector, he would know that by a sublime economy Nature supplies typical helpmates for typical curates. Her only fault is that she is too bounteous; the girls she designs for curates outnumber them. Every cassock has its innocent seraglio. The still undomesticated curate must sigh when he sees the bevy offered for his choice at every church bazaar. It is so clear that they were all made expressly for him! You cannot easily identify the girl who is made for the soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor—to quote the social classification provided by tradition for spinsters when they count the cherry-stones. But the girls who are born and bred for the curate cannot be mistaken; and as he can marry only one at a time, many of the others must put up with wholly unsuitable articles in the husband line, such as Local Government Board inspectors. Who ever heard of a curate choosing the wrong wife? But how many marriages are unfortunate because the wives ought to have married curates, and hadn't the chance, owing to the restricted numbers of candidates for holy orders?

Yes, it is a quaint reflection on our social system that only one professional class is unerring in its matrimonial choosing, and that is the poorest. No women are specially ordained to marry statesmen, lawyers, doctors, soldiers—they take such suitors at a venture; it is hit or miss on both sides. See how this is illustrated in novels. In Mr. Anthony Hope's new story, "The King's Mirror," you have nothing but marriage on speculation. Four ladies—the king's sister, his cousin, a countess, and a prima donna—all wed men they don't want; and Mr. Anthony Hope, like the agreeable sophist that he is, would have you believe that, on the whole, these marriages turned out pretty well. Only the curate can be sure of his pattern of a mate; the rest of us have to trust to chance. There is the ambitious young artisan, for instance, who answered an advertisement offering the charms of an orphan damsel with an income in her own right, and desirous of a husband as a travelling companion. The artisan had a yearning to see the world, so he sent the supposed orphan an account of himself, how he earned a pound a week, gave half of it to his aged mother, and habitually dressed in a blue serge suit and a pink necktie. There is the

adventurous spirit with which most men would hazard the unknown seas of the married state! Round the world they would go in blue serge and pink ties with orphans they had heard of through a newspaper! Ah! how much better and safer to be a curate!

Now I want these ladies who steadfastly marry the curate to help me to the solution of another social problem. Are they in favour of powder and paint? I think I hear an exclamation which sounds like "The idea!" but let us not be hasty. In the *Nineteenth Century* a lady writes of powder and paint with covert sympathy. She says that, in reason, they are justifiable for women who wish to retrieve a lost beauty, and for women who would mitigate the reproach of plainness. She recalls the times when powder and paint were openly worn by great ladies, and when an oracle of fashion declared that "a little rouge throws a delicate veil over the cheek." True, Miss Ida Taylor admits that deception is injurious to character, and not conducive to happiness; but what if there is no deception? The ladies in those bygone days left their admirers in no doubt as to the use of cosmetics. It was all a question of skill. When Lady Teazle unkindly remarks of another lady that her complexion comes and goes because her maid can fetch and carry it, the sarcasm is not meant for the complexion, but for the lack of art in laying it on. If that delicate veil is thrown over the cheek it must be done artistically, or where is the delicacy? And the illusion for the spectator will be perfect, although he knows that the fascinating tint is not natural.

If I am not wrong in this interpretation of Miss Taylor's cautious argument, what will the betrothed of the curate say? Will she beg him to preach against Jezebel? Even that commination may be thought irrelevant, for it is the general impression that Jezebel did not throw a delicate veil over her cheek: she laid it on with a trowel. When she was pitched out of a window, it was because she had daubed herself so grossly that no man of taste could bear the sight of her. As it was rather a high window, she may have reckoned that the distance would soften the tones. I suggest this out of respect for her intelligence, for she was an intelligent woman; but there was a miscalculation somewhere. Perhaps the indignant spectator was rather long-sighted. I had occasion the other day to regret that my eyes were not as potent as a field-glass. In Piccadilly I descried in the distance two Jack Tars walking hand-in-hand. When Jack's ashore he will affably take another person's hand; but it is commonly a feminine hand. The two sailors ahead of me were walking like children in a meadow, a kind of simplicity that did not seem nautical. When I came up with them I saw they were Japanese. Japan in loose blue trousers and the English sailor's cap with gold letters, the name of the ship in Japanese characters! The shock was as great as if I had met Mr. Kruger in a field-marshal's uniform, trying to look like the Duke of Wellington. "Another slur on our prestige!" I murmured. "Miss Jane Oakley must deal with this!"

Miss Oakley responded to the appeal I addressed to her on the subject of the disappearing moustache of the British Army. She wrote a stirring poem, which appeared as an advertisement in the *Times*. I want to know why the Secretary for War has not ordered it to be read on parade to every regiment, with a drum *obligato*. This is what General de Galliffet would have done; but our Ministers of War are mere civilians, with no conception of military sentiment. Why should not Miss Oakley address to every commanding officer a copy of the *Times* of Sept. 30, together with *The Illustrated London News* of Sept. 23? But not the *Westminster Gazette* of the earlier date! That journal, I regret to say, is very flippant about Miss Oakley and myself. It warns her against me, insinuates that I am a monster of perfidy, and even asks what my Editor thinks of me as "an advertisement canvasser for the *Times*!" I need scarcely state that my Editor is unmoved by this outrage. He has not even asked me to explain why I did not invite Miss Oakley to contribute to our own advertisement columns. Patriotism is his watchword, as it is mine, and when we were last together we sang in unison with great feeling—

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Heart of Oakley is our pen;
Ready, boys, ready!
We'll fight, and we'll conquer again and again!

I ask my countrymen if they are not a little ashamed that a poet who has served them so faithfully as Miss Oakley should have so scant a reward?—

When statecraft's course is not too plain,
We turn instinctively to Jane,
She stimulates the nation's pride,
Our friend, philosopher, and guide.
Whilst Kipling struts in stately print,
To leader-writers gives the hint;
Whilst Swinburne turns his strident Muse
To guineas in half-crown reviews;
Our Jane, with more persuasive rhymes,
Must advertise them in the *Times*!

A LOOK ROUND.

Her Majesty's well-known desire to maintain peace by every means in her power cannot have failed to exercise a wholesome influence throughout the world. But the Queen has ever proved herself too staunch a Constitutional Sovereign to hamper any Government firmly resolved to preserve the integrity of her Empire. Indeed, Her Majesty has consistently supported most heartily those patriotic Statesmen—

Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

As it is to extend the bounds of freedom in the Transvaal that Lord Salisbury's Ministry has laboured so steadfastly, it follows in natural sequence that the efforts the Boers are making to shake off the suzerainty of England should be swiftly followed by the despatch of a strong Army Corps to South Africa to protect our fellow-countrymen in every part of that vast territory, and to bring home to President Kruger that Great Britain is still paramount in that quarter of the globe.

On Tuesday the first of the races between the *Shamrock* and *Columbia* for the America Cup came to nothing, in consequence of the light winds that prevailed. The morning was bright, and the stiff breeze blowing gave promise of a satisfactory test, though the number of excursion steamers and pleasure craft of all description must have caused some anxiety to Captain Evans, whose mission it was to keep the course clear by means of his torpedo-boats. As the yachts arrived off Sandy Hook Light-ship the scene was almost indescribable, and the saluting of the pleasure fleet by means of their steam-whistles helped to add to the enthusiasm of the spectators.

A start was effected for the America Cup at a quarter-past eleven, and almost simultaneously with the sound of the signal-gun it became apparent that the wind had dropped considerably. The *Shamrock*, smartly handled by Captain Hogarth, soon displayed her heels to her rival, and the largest of the pleasure craft showing their exceeding impartiality by "blanketting" the *Columbia*, there was soon an appreciable distance between the yachts. Indeed, Sir Thomas Lipton's chance seemed very good when, with six of the fifteen miles outwards to the coast of Jersey (nearly half the distance of the race) sailed, his yacht was nearly 4½ minutes ahead. But with the wind freshening *Columbia* succeeded in getting clear of the flotilla of excursion three-deckers, and in a very short time she closed on the *Shamrock*. Indeed, half-way down to the mark-boat, *Columbia* led by nearly half a mile, and with the wind again subsiding, the American boat more than held her own, rounding the boat 1 min. 30 sec. ahead. A return of the breeze caused another change in the positions. The wind proving fitful, *Columbia* became almost becalmed, while her rival "footed" away, to the delight of the Englishmen. The progress was very indifferent after this, and it soon became evident that the race would not be finished within the time limit. This proved to be the case, so matters remained as they were before the race started. Altogether the day's experiences were calculated to create the greatest interest in the remaining races, fixed for Oct. 5, 7, 10, and 12.

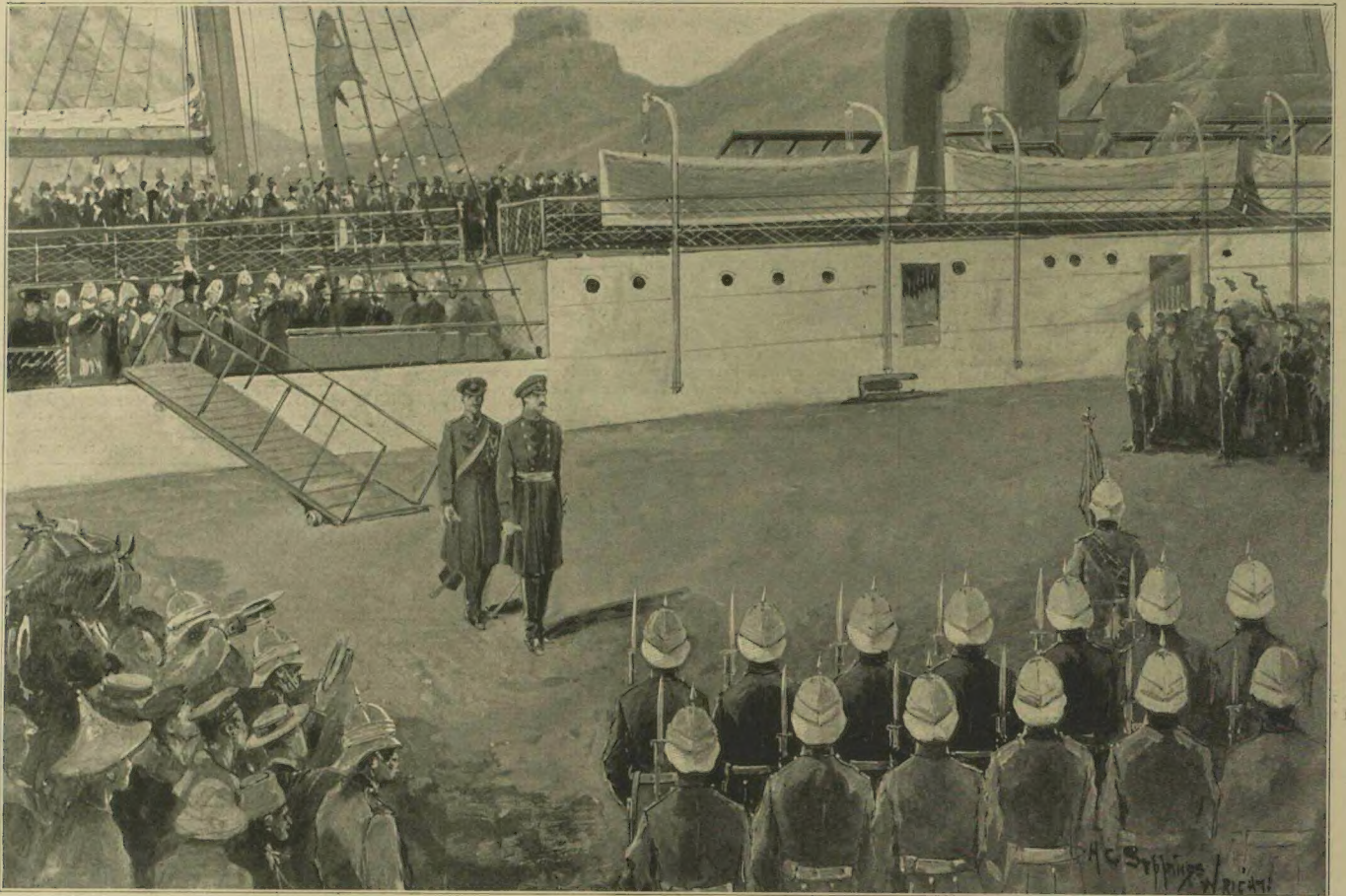
Owing to the "First" falling on Sunday, many shooting men were robbed of a day. This troubled not those who think, and rightly too, that the pheasants might be left undisturbed until the middle of the month, at least. Many owners and lessees of shootings invariably adopt this plan and profit by it, for they come across fewer immature birds. Others, who as a rule are too anxious to get among the longtails, have this season been forced to exercise a little patience, for the coverts contain too much foliage to admit of sport such as present-day sportsmen expect. Of course conditions varied in different quarters, but, on the whole, Monday was a dreary sort of day, and must have been doubly so where sport proved slow.

Flying Fox's record this season has been a brilliant one, and though he has won no less than £37,415 in stakes, he is to have one more public trial this year before he goes into his winter's quarters for a well-earned rest. Insignia holds the record for winning the greatest amount ever won by a single horse. Given his health and stamina, however, the Duke of Westminster's brilliant colt will be able to head the sum won by Mr. H. McCallmont's horse. He has, for example, chances in four ten thousand pound stakes next year, besides other rich and coveted prizes at Ascot and Goodwood. The Duke of York Stakes and the valuable Imperial Stakes for two-year-olds should fill the charming lawns and paddock at Kempton Park on Friday and Saturday; while on the Wednesday following, the Cesarewitch, undoubtedly the most important and popular handicap of the year, will be decided. The Duke of York Stakes has not so far attracted as much attention as it has done in previous years, but it cannot fail to be an interesting race. The Imperial Stakes will be watched with no little anxiety, as it will give us an important clue to the two-year-old form of the year. Among the prominent candidates we may have Democrat, Simodale, Forfarshire, and the Prince of Wales's Diamond Jubilee. The race is worth £3000. Scintillant and Merman still hold the pride of place as public favourites for the Cesarewitch, though nothing seems to shake the firm position of that very promising Hibernian candidate, Irish Ivy.

"I.L.N." WAR-ARTIST'S FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Our readers will be interested to know that we have despatched Mr. Melton Prior as Special Artist to South Africa to furnish us with sketches of the British military movements. Another Special Artist has started for the Transvaal to supply "The Illustrated London News" with drawings from the side of the Boers.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, and REGENT STREET, W.
Nightly at 8, and Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, at 3 and 5.
Most Beautiful Chorus and Ballad Singing in the World.



THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: ARRIVAL OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR F. W. E. F. FORESTIER-WALKER, COMMANDING THE TROOPS IN CAPE COLONY, AT CAPE TOWN.
From a Sketch by Mr. W. Morris.



THE MARKET SQUARE, KIMBERLEY.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.

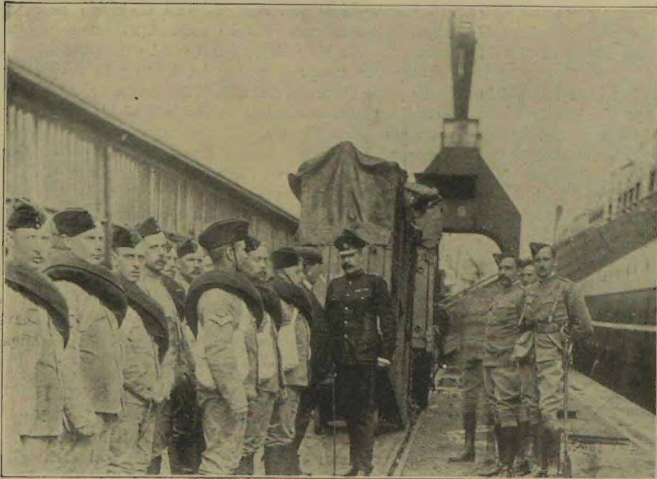


Photo. Russell, Southsea.

COLONEL MAINWARING INSPECTING HIS MEN BEFORE EMBARKATION.



Photo. Russell, Southsea.

OFFICERS ABOUT TO EMBARK ON THE "KINFAUNS CASTLE."

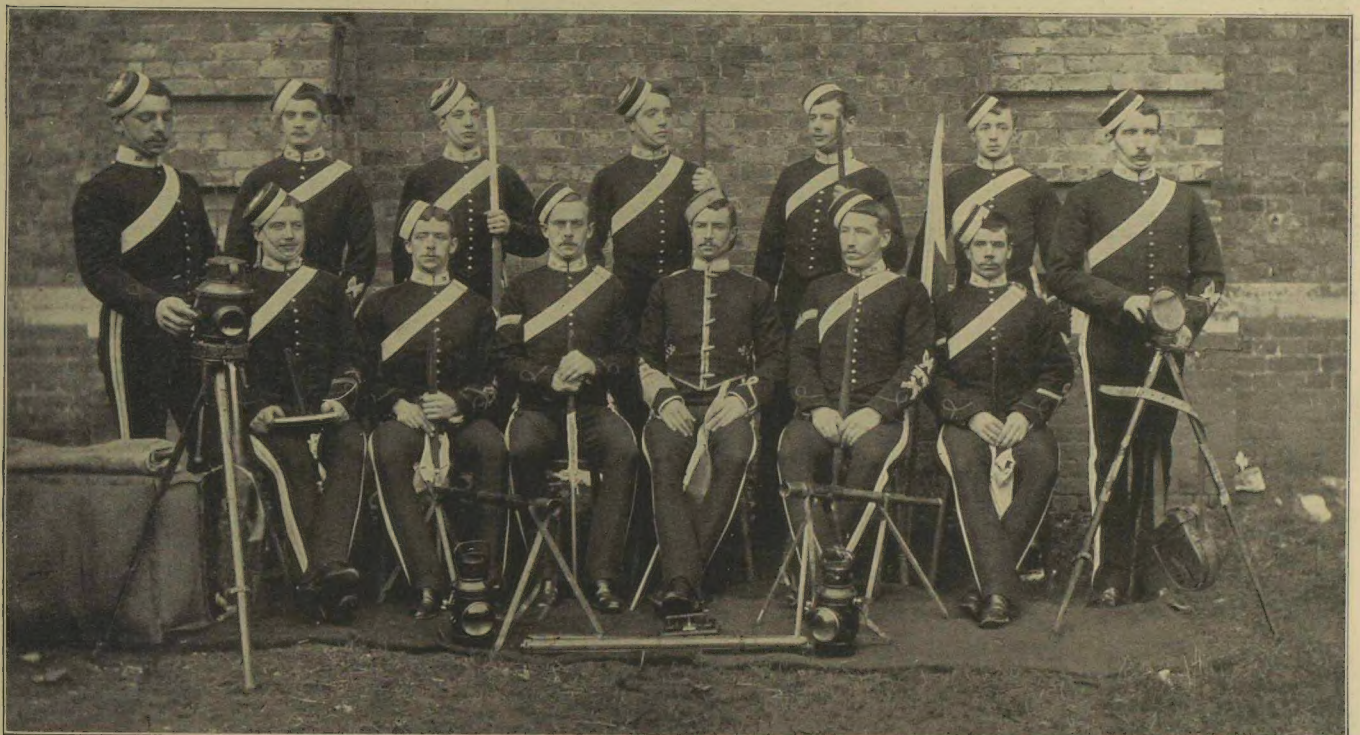


Photo. Knight.

13TH HUSSARS' SIGNAL CORPS, CHAMPION SIGNALLERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

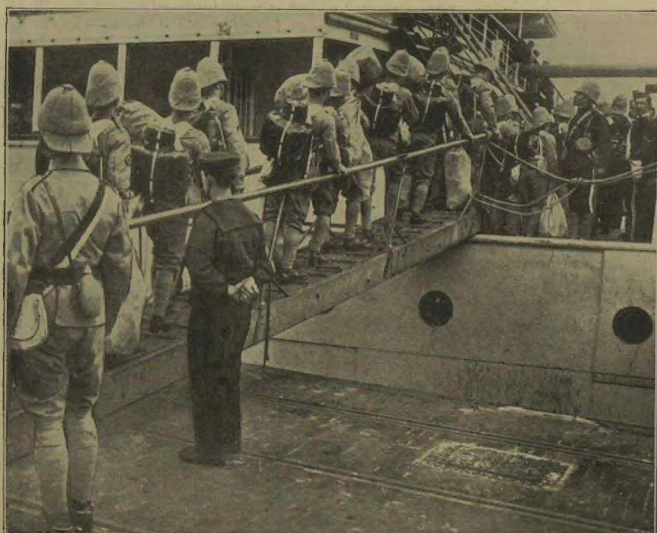


Photo. Knight.

THE ARMY MEDICAL CORPS EMBARKING ON THE "KINFAUNS CASTLE."



Photo. Knight.

AMMUNITION COLUMN FOR THE CAPE: ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BRITISHER AND BOER.

It is curious and not a little interesting that the first Sketch our Special War Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has sent us (not exactly from the Cape, but from on board the *Norman*) should be of an entirely peaceful kind; favouring, indeed, a rapprochement between Britisher and Boer. Such an incident, of course, as a friendly discussion of the crisis between Major-General French and a cousin of President Kruger is far from inappropriate on board a "Union" liner.

THE MARKET SQUARE, KIMBERLEY.

From latest information it appears that should hostilities begin, the Boers will immediately try to destroy the Cape Railway. The investment of Kimberley will follow, but the town is admirably prepared. The very nature of its industry has supplied it with fortifications in the great ramparts of mining "tailings" which surround it. One of these, which used to be locally known as "Mount Ararat," is over ninety feet high. Several redoubts have been erected, and on these cannon have been mounted by the Royal Engineers. A thousand natives from the diamond mines have been constructing entrenchments for riflemen. A considerable force of Kimberley Volunteers has been attached to the Lancashire Regiment. The Civic Guard, in which are enrolled men from a distance of eight miles around the town, is 2000 strong. Diamonds were discovered at Kimberley in 1867, but the rush did not begin till three years later. Kimberley is famous for its deep-level shafts, one of which has been sunk to a depth of 1200 ft. Thirty-two years ago the

heavy guns are mired up to the axles; the horses, with continual whipping-up, become jaded and irritated, and the temper of the men is tried in the severest manner. Where parallel roads cannot be found to advance an army corps in manageable sections, the whole column is subject to continual halts while now one heavy piece and now another has become obstructed. There are few tests of the soldier's temper and endurance so severe as this of transport.

The perfection to which signalling has been brought in modern warfare has placed the Corps of Signallers in a position of honourable distinction. In this, no less than in marksmanship, the competitive element has been employed by the authorities to ensure excellence of result. The title of champion Signalling Corps of the British Army at the present moment is claimed by the 13th Hussars. A group of these nerves of the Army will also be found among our Illustrations.

Lieutenant-General Sir W. F. Forestier-Walker, recently appointed to the command of our troops at the

on the western boundary between Mafeking and Pretoria so difficult to penetrate. It will be more difficult now than ever, for a strong Boer force is laagered at Zeerust, watching the British camp at Ramathlabana. In the map that shows these positions you will see, clearly marked, the other strongholds of the Boers, and the main lines by which the Transvaal may be entered. Such scenes as these give the English reader a vivid conception of the country our troops may soon be fighting in should the Boers prove obdurate, and should Mr. Steyn come from his Presidency at Bloemfontein to the help of his relative by marriage, Mr. Kruger. The stations at Pretoria and Avoca, with their negroes on the platform, are curiously unfamiliar to our eyes. The private residence of Lord Rosmead is unlike anything we know of England. Still more weird and strange to us is the grim spot where "Colley fell." Two other of our Illustrations show in a marked degree this "strangeness" of South African conditions. One pictures the original building of the Standard Bank of South Africa, the other shows a "Nacht-Maal," or encampment of Boers, who have assembled to partake together of the Holy Communion.

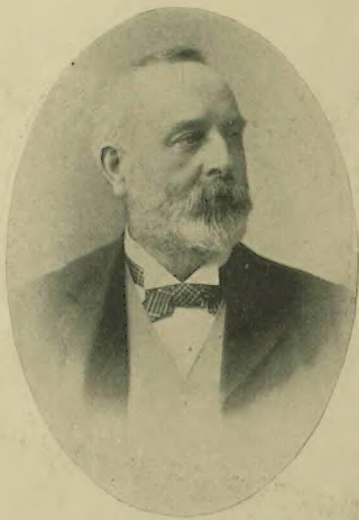


Photo. W. J. Wright.
MR. ALDERMAN TRELOAR.
(Sheriff-Elect.)

place was barren veldt. The town has now 30,000 inhabitants, and can boast electric light and a complete water-supply. We give a picture of the Market Square.

TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.

Active preparations have been going on for the departure of that important arm of the service, the Army Service Corps. Last Saturday the new Castle liner *Kinfauns Castle* sailed for South Africa with a full complement of passengers and about three hundred troops, comprising Army Service Corps, field hospitals, medical staff, and a balloon section of the Royal Engineers. Thousands of spectators lined the quays, and gave the men a hearty send-off.

About twenty companies of the Army Service Corps are at present under orders for South Africa. Altogether the Corps consists of forty-two companies, with remount companies stationed at Woolwich and Dublin. Two companies have already proceeded to South Africa; two companies have left Dublin for Southampton; and companies at Portsmouth, Lydd, Woolwich, Colchester, and York have been warned to hold themselves in readiness for embarkation. The movement has made a very large demand on the Corps, and it is probable that the reserve will be called out. Every man who serves in South Africa must be over twenty years of age, and must have been in the Army not less than one year.

Among our Illustrations we include a picture of the ammunition-train lying ready for embarkation at Southampton Docks. From this Illustration alone some idea may be gathered of the tremendous difficulties of transport. Few operations in warfare are more arduous than the conveyance of heavy artillery and stores from point to point. Even where roads exist the work is severe; in wild countries it becomes a task of Herculean proportions. Where the ground is swampy,



Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.
MR. ALDERMAN NEWTON.
(Lord Mayor-Elect.)

Cape, arrived at the docks at Cape Town on Wednesday, Sept. 6. Having received the officers representing the various regiments in the command, the General stepped ashore exactly at 12.30 p.m., and after the usual inspection of the guard of honour, which was furnished by the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, entered a carriage in waiting, and drove to Government House, where he was received by his Excellency the Governor, Sir Alfred Milner. A large concourse of people were present at the docks to witness the arrival of the *Norham Castle*, and loud and prolonged cheering greeted the General as he stepped ashore. A noticeable feature of the event was the absence of members of the present Colonial Ministry, an item much commented upon.

SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Illustrations given in our present issue of many interesting scenes in South Africa will afford our readers a visual picture of what may be ere long the amphitheatre of deadly war. Usually, the British public has only the vaguest idea of the countries in which our troops are carrying on operations. This is a misfortune, for we cannot appreciate at its full value the valour of our men unless we have a picture in our minds of the difficulties they have to encounter. For example, we understand much better how it was that Dr. Jameson's men were shot down in the open, when we see from our Illustration of the Pontikob Flats the magnificent rocky cover that the Boers had to protect them. Or look at the Drakensberg, on the Transvaal frontier, where the Boers are now in laager. There are peaks in that terrible range three times higher than Snowdon, and it is in such places as that seen in the picture that the Boers have their rocky fastnesses. When we recollect that shooting is considered of such importance by the Boers that they often make rifle-practice the occasion of a great picnic, where the men contend in presence of their sweethearts, we begin to appreciate the difficulties of soldiering in South Africa. So keen are the young Boers on the shooting that they blaze away at any mark—an ant-hill, a bottle, or, better still, a passing springbok, should they be out in the wilds where game abounds. At present conflicting opinions are rife regarding the perfection of their marksmanship, but the strong presumption is that it is above the average. When they outspan on occasions such as depicted, the Boers seize the opportunity to enter into all kinds of family contracts, both business and matrimonial. Thus all learn to take an interest in, and to look forward to, these "wapentakes" or shooting matches, and so a kind of premium is placed on good marksmanship. That is why Dr. Jameson found the rocky country



Photo. C. Vandyk.
MR. ALDERMAN BEVAN.
(Sheriff-Elect.)

greatly in extent and volume, with distributing centres at Calais and Antwerp, was carried on by Mr. Newton until the year 1897. But already, in 1880, he had joined his brothers, the Messrs. Newton, in their steam-ship business, and in connection therewith he removed to London. However, in 1886, owing to the death of a brother, Mr. Newton abandoned the shipping industry, and since then he has identified himself chiefly with joint-stock enterprise, being a director of Harrod's Stores and chairman of Messrs. D. H. Evans and Co. Mr. Newton is Master of the Girdlers' Company, and is a member of the Fanmakers' and Turners' Companies. He is an ardent Freemason, and last year the "Alfred J. Newton Lodge, 2686," was founded in his honour. With Mr. Newton there have been elected two new Sheriffs in succession to Colonel Clifford Probyn and Alderman Allistone, retired. One of the new Sheriffs is Mr. Bevan, a well-known citizen, of Welsh descent, and the other is Alderman Treloar, the celebrated carpet-manufacturer of Ludgate Hill. Mr. Treloar is known far and wide as a philanthropist; and it was chiefly owing to the untiring efforts of his firm that Ludgate Hill was widened for the convenience of the public.

THE NEW NIAGARA BRIDGE.

Towards the end of 1898, the last suspension-bridge over the Niagara was replaced by a new single-arched steel bridge which has the largest span in the world, being 225 yards wide. The greatest height of the arch is 120 ft., while the roadway, on which runs the electric tramway, lies about 144 ft. above the water. The actual building of the bridge was begun in 1895. It was designed by Mr. L. L. Buck, under whose supervision the work was carried out by the Pencoyd Iron Works of Philadelphia. Up to that time, the bridge over the Rhine at Bonn had been considered to have the largest span in the world.

PERSONAL.

The Emperor William is expected at Windsor Castle on Nov. 20. That does not look as if Germany proposed to do us an ill turn in consequence of our South African policy. The Kaiser understands the real question at issue rather better than he did when he sent the too famous telegram to Mr. Kruger. What the Boers want is absolute freedom to do what they like with other people's property and to assert Dutch independence throughout South Africa. Germany is well aware that Great Britain cannot tolerate such pretensions, and the Kaiser has no desire to encourage the ignorant folly of Pretoria.

Colonel Sir Charles Hotted Smith, who is to command the Australian contingent at the Cape, has been Commandant of the Local Forces in Victoria since 1894. Sir Charles has seen a great deal of service. He took part in the Zulu War of 1879, the Boer War of 1881, the Egyptian and Soudan Campaigns from 1882 to 1891. In all these campaigns he rendered distinguished service, and was mentioned in despatches. In Australia Sir Charles holds the local rank of Major-General. No better man could have been



Photo. Ball.
COLONEL SIR C. H. SMITH.

found to lead the contingent of which the Mother Country is so justly proud.

General Mercier was responsible for the Madagascar Expedition, and it seems that an inquiry into that dubious enterprise is going on. There are always inquiries of this kind in France, and as General Mercier was a singularly incompetent Minister of War, he has offered more scope for disagreeable research than any of his contemporaries. The Madagascar business threatens to be so serious that it may even defy the sponge of General de Galliffet, who will remark, moreover, that it has nothing to do with the Dreyfus affair. As any inquiry, however, into the conduct of General Mercier must be of great service to the Dreyfusard party, the application of the sponge becomes more difficult every day.

One conspicuous act of General de Galliffet's reflects the highest credit upon him. He has destroyed the mountain of lies with which the military faction tried to ruin Colonel Picquart, whose conduct of the Intelligence Bureau is officially declared to be free from the slightest reproach. Imagine the feelings of Roget, Lauth, and company when they read General de Galliffet's letter to the man they hate more than they hate Dreyfus! It remains for the Minister of War to go further—to reinstate Colonel Picquart in the army, and give him a distinguished post.

The flying-machine is likely to be an institution of the twentieth century, but the nineteenth, like "an old man in a hurry," has been pushing forward a little too rashly in the attempt to secure it for itself. A most unfortunate result attended an ascent made by Mr.



Photo. Mull and Fox.
THE LATE MR. PERCY S. PILCHER.

Mr. Pilcher on Saturday afternoon last week in the grounds at Stanford Hall, Lord Bray's place near Market Harborough. Mr. Pilcher, who began his researches into the subject of air-carriages with an enthusiasm his acquaintance with Mr. Hiram Maxim only increased, mounted his great eagle in very unfavourable weather. Still, as many friends were present to see his flight, he set off and soared some fifty or sixty feet from the ground when a gust of wind broke his helm, and with his bird-like machine, he fell heavily to the ground. When picked up and conveyed to Stanford Hall he was unconscious, and died in a few hours.

The Pope has singled out for special honour Father Bailly, the chief director of *La Croix*. Evidently his Holiness never reads that journal, and does not know that it is a disgrace to the name of religion. "The most abominable paper that is printed in the French language," is M. de Blowitz's concise description of it. And its editor basks in the favour of Leo XIII.!

Mr. Hugh Price Hughes has declined to associate himself with the prominent Nonconformists who sympathise with the Boers in the present controversy. This attitude is ascribed by the pro-Boer advocates to Mr. Hughes's relation by marriage to one of the Rand millionaires. Nobody who knows Mr. Hughes can really believe him to be influenced by considerations of that kind. It is a curious thing that some advocates of peace and righteousness must always impute unworthy motives to everybody who does not agree with their view of a political problem.

Colonel Charles W. H. Douglas, who is ordered for South African service, has been Assistant Adjutant-General at Aldershot since 1898.



Photo. Ball.
COLONEL C. W. H. DOUGLAS

despatches, and received the medal with clasp and the bronze star.

The Award of the Arbitrators on the Venezuela Question must be taken as very satisfactory to Great Britain, and as a high tribute to the ability of her diplomatists. Venezuela, it will be remembered, claimed that British Guiana west of the River Essequibo ought to belong to Venezuela, Great Britain claiming that the Schomburgk line rightly delimited the frontier. In the final award the demarcation closely follows the Schomburgk line. Venezuela's gain on the transaction is so inconsiderable that she, no doubt, regrets her refusal of the offer made her in 1881 by Lord Granville and in 1884 by Lord Aberdeen.

Captain Percy Moreton Scott, of the *Terrible*, takes with him to South Africa a record of distinguished achievement in the Royal Navy. Born in 1853, he became a cadet at the age of thirteen, a Lieutenant in 1875, a Commander in 1886, and a Captain in 1893. He wears the Ashanti medal for service during the Ashanti War of 1873; and two years later he was commended in despatches for service against pirates on the Congo. He was Gunnery Instructor on the *Inconstant* during the Egyptian War of 1882, and landed with the Naval Brigade. He took a £100 prize at the Royal Naval College in 1887; and was made a member of the Ordnance Committee in 1894.

The "paying guest," that euphemistic product of modernity, has figured in the Revising Barrister's Court at North Hackney. Obviously he is not a "lodger" (that were to wound his hostess's delicacy), therefore the enemy may challenge his right to a vote. But even a "paying guest" approximates to the unspeakable "lodger" in that he pays and has rights over his own apartment. Therefore (and rightly) the Revising Barrister accorded him the franchise. But can gentility any longer entertain one whom the law has written down "lodger" in large letters?

The death of Mr. Edward Case, at his residence, the Hall, Dymchurch, Kent, was due to affection of the heart.

Mr. Case, who secured a high place among practical engineers, was born in 1842. When he was twenty-three he entered the Public Works Department of Ceylon, and served there for sixteen years. On his return to England he constructed the Maidstone Waterworks, and in later years he achieved great successes by his system of groining for sea-defence, the practical working of which may be seen at New Romney, Deal, Folkestone, Lowestoft, Cromer, Sherringham, Eastbourne, Blackpool, on the Irish coast, and at Ostend. "The Modern Canute" was the name he bore among his familiar friends.

Admiral Dewey is a sailor after our own heart. He reminds us of Hardy and Collingwood, those splendid old salts, who were only less splendid than Nelson himself.

Admiral Dewey knows that what he did at Manila was, against so incompetent a foe, a comparatively easy matter, and he doesn't hesitate to say so. What one feels is that, had the foe been really formidable, the Admiral would have been quite equal to the emergency.

A New York policeman visited London some months ago, and said it was the wickedest city he was ever in. Well, the London police can give points in decent behaviour to the police of New York. The conduct of the men who were supposed to keep order in the streets during the Dewey demonstrations was simply organised brutality—if the reports are to be trusted.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel C. O. Plumer, who returns to South African service, was actively engaged there three years ago. Many will remember him as the Commander of Plumer's Mounted Rifles in the campaign of 1896. At that time he was mentioned in despatches, was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel, and was decorated with the South African medal. He belongs to the York and Lancashire Regiment, and since 1897 has been Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General at Aldershot. He served in Egypt throughout the campaign of 1884, and his distinguished conduct at that time was rewarded with the medal and clasp, the bronze star, and the Fourth Class of the Medjidieh.

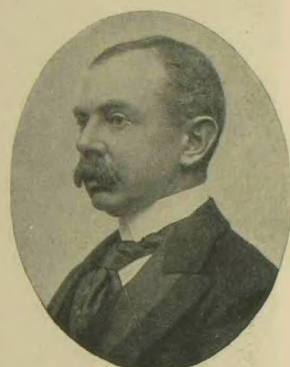


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PLUMER.

Director of the National Gallery, President of the Royal Academy, and occasional painter of pictures in oils and water-colours, might, one would suppose, be sufficient to fill up the daily life of any man. Not so Sir Edward Poynter, who now is about to edit for Messrs. Cassell an illustrated catalogue of every picture in the National Gallery. Happily, for him the letterpress of the work is already in existence in Sir F. W. Burton's catalogue of the foreign, and Mr. C. Eastlake's of the modern, pictures; and Sir E. Poynter, if he values a literary reputation, will refrain as far as possible from "his personal views on the characteristics and authenticity of the principal pictures," unless he wishes to raise the hornet's nest of art critics, some of whom, *pace* the President, know what they write about. It is of greater interest and importance to know that each photograph will be submitted to the approval of Mr. Edwin Bale before it is allowed to appear, and this will be in itself a guarantee that the promises of the prospectus will be fulfilled. The two first volumes dealing with the Old Masters (foreign schools) will be published before the close of the year. Perhaps the Director of the National Gallery, when his hands are once more free, will, in his other capacity, follow up the present work by a new edition of Sandby's "History of the Royal Academy," of which there is a real need.

The death is announced of the Right Hon. John Monroe, formerly Judge of the High Court of Justice, Ireland. Judge Monroe, who passed away at Bartra, Dalkey, County Dublin, on Sept. 28, had for some years been in failing health. He resigned his position on the Bench in 1896. The late Judge, who was born in 1839, was educated at Queen's College, Galway, and in 1863 was called to the Irish Bar. He took silk in 1877, and in 1884 became a Bencher of the King's Inns. He was for a short time Law Adviser to Dublin Castle, and in 1885 was Solicitor-General for Ireland. He was specially noted for his ability and learning as a Land Judge. In 1886 he was made a Privy Councillor.

Mr. Henry Cunyngame, in his text-book of "Art Enamelling upon Metals" (Archibald Constable and Co.), makes the very remarkable statement that enamels for art metal-work are not made in England. It would therefore seem that the pursuit of this highly interesting form of art is hampered at the outset by difficulties which ordinary students cannot surmount. The Goldsmiths' Company have offered encouragement to artists, and the London County Council would be willing to establish classes in enamelling; but the applicants are few, and for once an employment is to be found which is not overcrowded. The training given in the French municipal schools will speedily give French enamellers the means of obtaining in the twentieth century the pre-eminence they obtained at Limoges in the sixteenth. At last summer's exhibition at Burlington House there was a distinct desire on the part of artists to devote attention to enamel work, and it only requires an equal readiness on the part of connoisseurs to foster it to make English enamels once more popular and distinguished.



Photo. Chancellor, Dublin.
THE LATE JUDGE MONROE.



Photo. Mull and Fox.
THE LATE MR. EDWARD CASE.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: TROOPS FOR THE CAPE.

Photographs by Cribb, Southsea.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR BAKER RUSSELL QUITTING
A TROOP-SHIP AFTER INSPECTION.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.



ORDNANCE AND TRANSPORT OFFICERS.



CAPTAIN A. G. WELMAN, COMMANDING ARMY SERVICE
CORPS, ORDERED TO THE CAPE.



COLONEL LANDON, ATTACHED TO ARMY SERVICE CORPS.



OFFICERS OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. BIRKENRUTH.

CHAPTER II.

"On the evening of my arrival at Cressingham, Dick, who was lodging at the village inn, where I too had a room, took me over to pay my respects to the ladies. We had taken our leave and were passing down the pretty avenue of limes to the entrance gates, when he paused and hailed a man stooping over a fountain in the Italian garden on our left, and apparently clearing it of dead leaves.

"Hi! John Emmet!"

"The man straightened his back, faced round, and came towards us, touching his hat.

"This is the gentleman, John, who has come expressly to tie the knot next Wednesday. You must know," said Dick, turning to me, "that Miss Felicia and John Emmet are sworn friends, and he owes me a mighty grudge for taking her away. He's been gardener here for fifteen—sixteen—how many years is it, John?"

"Then," said I, "I suppose you were here before the wreck of the *Nerbuddha*, and knew Miss Felicia's parents?"

"The man gave a start, and his hat, which he had pulled off and with the brim of which he was fumbling, slipped from his fingers and rolled on the turf.

"Oh yes, I forgot!" put in Dick. "I ought to have told you that Mr. West here is the Rector of Lansulyan, and was at the time of the wreck."

"Indeed, Sir?" John Emmet had recovered his hat, and confronted me with a face for which I spared a glance before bending my eyes on the daisies at my feet. "I—I took service here some months after that event."

"Come, Padre"—these were the next words I heard—"if you wish to prod up all the daisies on Felicia's property arise early to-morrow and begin. But if we're to dine at the Hall to-night it's time to be getting back to the inn and changing our clothes."

"I looked up, and my eyes fell on the retreating back of John Emmet, already half-way towards the Italian garden.

"Queer fellow, that—what's his name?—John Emmet," said I late that night on our return to the inn, as Dick and I mixed our whiskies and prepared for a smoke before his sitting-room fire.

"Tile loose, I fancy," answered Dick, pausing with a lighted match in his hand. "I've an idea that he owes me a grudge for coming here and carrying off Felicia."

"What gives you that notion?"

"Well, you see he has always been a favourite of hers. She tells me that the hours she managed to steal and spend in the garden, chatting with John Emmet while he worked, were the happiest in her childhood. He seems to have been a kind of out-of-door protector to her, and I'll bet she twisted him round her small thumb."

"That's little enough to go upon," was my comment. "It struck me, on the contrary, that the man eyed you with some affection, not to say pride."

"Well, it's a small thing, but I can't help remembering how he took the news of Felicia's—of our engagement. You see, it happened at a fancy-dress dance."

"What happened?"

"Don't be dense, Padre. Why, it—the engagement. The dance was given by some people who live two miles from here—people called Bargrave. Felicia and I drove over. She wore an old Court dress of her grandmother's or great-grandmother's: I'm no hand at costumes, and can only tell you that she looked particularly jolly in it. I went in uniform—mess uniform, that is. It's one of the minor advantages of the service that on these occasions a man hasn't to put on a cavalier's wig and look like a goat out for a holiday. Well, as I was saying, at this particular dance it happened. It was daybreak when we started to drive home; a perfect midsummer morning, sun shining, dew on the hedges, and the birds singing fit to split themselves. Felicia and I had a lot to say to each other, naturally; and it occurred to us to stop the carriage at the gates and send it on while we walked up to the house together. We took the path leading through the Italian garden, and there—pretty well in the same place where you saw him this afternoon—we came on John Emmet, already out and at work; or rather he was leaning on a hoe and staring after the carriage as it moved up the avenue behind the limes. We came on him from behind, and I suppose suddenly. Anyhow, we scared him. I never saw such a face in my life as he turned on us! It went all white in an instant, and then slowly whiter. No doubt our dress was unusual; but I'm not accustomed to be taken for a ghost."

"Was it you who frightened him?"

"Yes, I think so. He kept his eyes on me, anyway; and at first, when Felicia asked him to congratulate her, he didn't seem to hear. After a bit, however, he picked up his speech and muttered something about fate, and wishing her joy—I forget what. Felicia confessed afterwards that his face had fairly frightened her."

"Look here," I asked; "it may seem an irrelevant question, but has the 2-th made any changes in its uniform lately?—any important changes, I mean."

"No: the War Office has been obliging enough to leave us alone in that respect: out of sight out of mind, I suppose. In point of fact we've kept the same rig—officers and men—for something like a quarter of a century." He paused. "I see what you're driving at. The man, you think, may be an old deserter?"

"Not so fast, please. Now here's another question.

You remember the night after the wreck of the *Nerbuddha*: the night you took a turn in Lansulyan Church, watching the bodies? You came to me in the morning with a story which I chose to laugh at—"

"About the face at the window, you mean?" Dick gave a mock shudder. "I suppose my nerves were shaken. I've been through some queer things since: but upon my soul I'd as soon face the worst of them again as take another spell with a line of corpses in that church of yours."

"But—the face?"

"Well, at the time I'd have sworn I saw it: peering in through the last window westward in the south aisle. I ran out, you remember, and found nobody: then I fetched a lantern and flashed it about the churchyard."

"There were gravestones in plenty a man could hide behind. Should you remember the face?"

"Dick considered for a while. 'No: it didn't strike me as a face so much as a pair of eyes; I remember the eyes only. They were looking straight into mine.'

"Well, now. I've always guessed there was something queer about that *Nerbuddha* business: though till now I've never told a soul my chief reason for believing so. After you left me that night, and while I was dressing, it occurred to me from the last of the three signals—the only one I saw—that the wreck must be somewhere near the Carracks, and that Farmer Tregaskis had a seine-boat drawn up by the old pallace * at Gunner's Meadow, just opposite the Carracks—"

[The Vicar paused here. "I ought to tell you, my boy, that in those days, when the seining paid, Tregaskis—that's the father of the present farmer—had a pallace down there, by the edge of the withy-bed. The wall we crouched behind last night is the only bit of it left.]

"It struck me," I told Dick, "that if it were possible to knock up Tregaskis and his boys and the farm-hand who slept on the premises, and get this boat launched through the surf, we should reach the wreck almost as soon as the life-boat. So I took a lantern and ran across the fields to the farm. Lights were burning there in two or three windows, and Mrs. Tregaskis, who answered my knock, told me that her husband and the boys had already started off—she believed for Gunner's Meadow, to launch their boat. There had been talk of doing so, anyhow, before they set out. Accordingly off I pelted hot-foot for the meadow, but on reaching the slope above it could see no lanterns either about the pallace or on the beach. It turned out afterwards that the Tregaskis family had indeed visited the beach, ten minutes ahead of me, but judging it beyond their powers to launch the boat short-handed through the surf, were by this time on their way towards

* Filchard store.

the Porth. I thought this likely enough at the time, but resolved to run down and make sure.

"Hitherto I had carried my lantern unlit: but on reaching thecombe bottom I halted for a moment under the lee of the pallace-wall to strike a match. In that moment, in a sudden lull of the breakers, it seemed to me that I heard a footstep on the loose stones of the beach; and having lit my candle hastily I ran round the wall and gave a loud hail. It was not answered the sound had ceased: but hurrying down the beach with my lantern held high, I presently saw a man between me and the water's edge. I believe now that he was trying to get away unobserved: but finding this hopeless he stood still with his hands in his pockets, and allowed me to come up. He was bare-headed, and dressed only in shirt and trousers and boots. Somehow, though I did not recognise him, I never doubted for a moment that the man belonged either to my own or the next parish. I was a newcomer in those days, you remember.

"Hulloa!" said I, "where do you come from?"

"He stared at me stupidly and jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the west. I inferred that he came from one of the shore-farms in that direction. He looked like a middle-aged farmer—a grizzled man with a serious responsible face. "But you're wet through," I said, for his clothes were drenched.

"For answer he pointed towards the surf, and lifting my lantern again, I detected a small cask floating a little beyond the breakers. Now before coming to Lansulyan I had heard some ugly tales of the wrecking done in these parts, and at the sight of this I fairly lost my temper. "It seems to me," said I, "a man of your age should be ashamed of himself, lurking here for miserable booty when there are lives to save! In God's name, if you have a spark of manhood in you, follow me to the Porth!" I swung off in a rage, and up the beach: after a moment I heard him slowly following. On the cliff track I swallowed down my wrath and waited for him to come up, meaning to expostulate more gently. He did not come up. I hailed twice, but he had vanished into the night.

"Now this looked ugly. And on reflection, when I reached the Porth and heard men wondering how on earth a fine ship found herself on Menawhidden in such weather, it looked uglier yet. The fellow—now I came to think it over—had certainly shrunk from detection. Then, thirty hours later, came your story of the face, and upset me further. I kept my suspicions to myself, however. The matter was too grave for random talking: but I resolved to keep eyes and ears open, and if this horrible practice of wrecking did really exist, to expose it without mercy.

"Well I have lived some years since in Lansulyan; and I am absolutely sure now that no such horrors exist, if they ever existed."

"But the man?" was Dick's query.

"That's what I'm coming to. You may be sure I looked out for him: for, unlike you, I remembered the face I saw. Yet until to-day I have never seen it since."

"Until to-day?"

"Yes. The man I saw on the beach was Miss Felicia's gardener, John Emmet. He has shaved his beard, but I'll swear to him."

"All that Dick could do was to pull the pipe from his mouth and give a long whistle. "But what do you make of it?" he asked with a frown.

"As yet, nothing. Where does the man live?"

"In a small cottage at the end of the village, just outside the gate of the kitchen-garden."

"Married?"

"No: a large family lives next door and he pays the eldest girl to do some odd jobs of housework."

"Then to-morrow," said I, "I'll pay him a call."

"Seen your man?" asked Dick next evening, as we

the power (so he said) ever since the night the *Nerbuddha* struck.

"So it was that every afternoon found the day's work ended in my garden, and John Emmet, in my sixteen-foot boat, exploring the currents and soundings about Menawhidden. And almost every day I went with him. He had become a learner—for the third time in his life; and the quickest learner (in spite of his years) I have ever known, for his mind was bent on that single purpose. I should tell you that the Trinity House had discovered Menawhidden at last and placed the bell-buoy there—which is and always has been entirely useless: also that the Lifeboat Institution had listened to some suggestions of mine and were reorganising the service down at the Porth. And it was now my hope that John Emmet might become coxswain of the boat as soon as he had local knowledge to back up the seamanship and aptitude for command in which I knew him to excel every man in the Porth. There were jealousies, of course; but he wrangled with no man, and in the end I had my way pretty easily. Within four years of his coming John Emmet knew more of Menawhidden than any man in the parish, possibly more than all the parish put together. And to-day the parish is proud of him and his record.

"But they do not know—and you are to be one of the four persons in the world who know—that John Emmet was no other than John

Murchison, the captain who lost the *Nerbuddha*. He had come ashore in the darkness some five minutes before I had surprised him on the beach: had come ashore clinging to the keg which I saw floating just beyond the breakers. Then and there, stunned and confounded by the consequences of his carelessness, he had played the coward for the first and last time in his life. He had run away—and Heaven knows if in his shoes I should not have done the same. For two nights and a day a hideous fascination tied him to the spot. It was his face Dick had seen at the window. The man had been hiding all day in the trench by the north wall of the churchyard; as Dick ran out with a lantern he slipped behind a gravestone, and when Dick gave up the search, he broke cover and fled inland. He changed his name: let this be his excuse, he had neither wife nor child. The man knew something of gardening: he had a couple of pounds and some odd shillings in his pocket—enough to take him to one of the big midland towns—Wolverhampton, I think—where he found work as a jobbing gardener. But something of the fascination which had held him lurking about Lansulyan, drove him to Cressingham, which—he learned from the newspaper accounts of the wreck—was Colonel Stanhope's country seat. Or perhaps he had some vague idea that Heaven would grant him a chance

to make amends. You understand now how the little Felicia became his idol.

"At Lansulyan he had but two desires. The first was to live until he had saved as many lives as his carelessness had lost in the *Nerbuddha*. For it was nothing worse, but mere forgetfulness to change the course: one of those dreadful lapses of memory which baffle all Board of Trade inquiry. You may light, and buoy, and beacon every danger along the coast, and still you leave that small kink in the skipper's brain which will cast away a ship for all your care. The second of his desires you have helped me to fulfil. He wished in death to be John Murchison again, and lie where his ship lies: lie with his grand error atoned for. John Emmet needs no gravestone: for John Emmet lived but to earn John Murchison's right to a half-forgotten tablet describing him as a brave man. And I believe that Heaven, which does not count by tally, has granted his wish."

THE END.



"I never saw such a face in my life as he turned on us."

"THE MYSTERY OF JOHN EMMET."—BY "Q."

walked up towards the house, where again we were due for dinner.

"I have just come from him: and what's more I have a proposition to make to Miss Felicia, if you and she can spare me an hour this evening."

"The upshot of our talk was that, a week later, as I drove home from the station after my long railway journey, John Emmet sat by my side. He had taken service with me as gardener, and for nine years he served me well. You'll hardly believe it—here the Vicar's gaze travelled over the unkempt flower-beds—"but under John Emmet's hand this garden of mine was a picture. The fellow would have half a day's work done before the rest of the parish was out of bed. I never knew a human creature who needed less sleep—that's not the way to put it, though—the man couldn't sleep: he had lost



LIKELY COVER FOR BOERS IN ACTION: VIEW ON BONTIROK FLATS, CATHCART DISTRICT, WITH 'GIKA'S KOP' IN THE DISTANCE.

It is upon such Koppies or hillocks that the Boers take cover. They lie down behind the stones, upon which they rest their guns and fire away with small chance of being hit.



1. A Boer Encampment on the Occasion of a "Nacht-Maal," or Celebration of the Lord's Supper.
4. Newlands, the late Lord Rosmead's Private Residence at Cape Town.

2. The Railway Station at Pretoria.

5. The Spot where General Pomeroy-Colley fell.

3. Original Building of the Standard Bank of South Africa.
6. The Station at Avoca, South African Republic.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.



DRAKENSBURG, ON THE TRANSVAAL BORDER, WHERE THE BOERS ARE IN LAAGER.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: TROOPS FOR THE CAPE



THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS: TRANSPORT WAGONS.

Photo, Knight, Associated.



THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS: INSPECTION OF HORSES.

Photo, Knight, Associated.



THE TELEGRAPH CORPS EN ROUTE.

Photo, Knight, Associated.



ADJUSTING THE TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS TO FIELD BALLOON.

Photo, Knight, Associated.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Another military pageant has marked the Queen's stay this autumn at Balmoral. The 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders were presented by her Majesty, on Sept. 29, with new colours to replace those under which for thirty years they had mustered on many a gallant field. The rites of trooping the old flag and of consecrating the new one were duly performed in the presence of her Majesty, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince Edward of York among the other beholders. The Queen made a little speech to the distinguished regiment, in which she confessed to taking "an especial interest, from its being associated with my dear son, the Duke of Albany." Colonel Hughes-Hallett, in command, thanked her Majesty for the honour done to the 2nd Battalion. "From to-day," he said, "it becomes the proud privilege and honourable duty of every individual member of the Battalion to guard and cherish these colours as a token of devoted loyalty to your Majesty."

The popularity of Scotland has been more than ever in evidence this season. The presence there of the Queen and her Court is familiar enough; but this season her Majesty has been surrounded with more members of her family than ever before in the North. The Prince of Wales has been her visitor; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children have been in as constant attendance as Princess Henry of Battenberg and hers; and the addition of the Duke and Duchess of York and their children has taken into Scotland four actual or possible occupants of the throne of the United Kingdom. Mr. Balfour is a Scotsman, and, what is not always the same thing, a frequenter of Scotland; and the last few days have seen Mr. Chaplin and other members of the Government, as well as Mr. Asquith, and other members of the Opposition, brought together on Scottish soil. The contrast between that part of her Majesty's dominions



MILITARY BALLOONING: WICKER-WORK CAR FOR TWO PASSENGERS, FITTED WITH WIRELESS TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS.

and another as a popular holiday haunt for public personages receives its final touch in the announcement that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has arrived at Beaulieu, N.B.

Military ballooning has received a wonderful auxiliary in wireless telegraphy. We illustrate a system of reconnoitring where both balloons and electrical waves are employed. The large balloon does the scouting, the smaller one, which a soldier in attendance on the commanding officer can tow about by hand, receives the message and transmits it to the instruments on the ground. Twenty balloons have been despatched to the Cape. They are made of gold-beater's skin and are quite impermeable, having kept up six months at Aldershot without losing their lifting power. Elaborate experiments point to the utility of this system in warfare.

Even the Duke of Devonshire must find it a little difficult, in the midst of the Transvaal crisis, to get a hearing for the perennial topic of technical education. Still, in opening extensions of the Free Library and the Technical School at New Mills, Derbyshire, on Saturday afternoon last week, he had the topic ready to his hand. It is a subject that the Duke has mentioned on past occasions with something of a grumble; but now he finds it possible to speak in a more congratulatory tone. Technical education has at last really made itself a part of our national system of training; and he promises new legislation by which local authorities will have increased powers to push on a work that cannot be properly speeded by a central Educational Department alone.

England has had a very good half-year in her revenue receipts. The last six months ending with September, when compared with the corresponding six months of last year, show the enormous net increase of £3,493,000. Of this the Post Office yields an increase of about £340,000, the Customs of about £500,000, the Telegraph service of about £165,000, and the Excise of over a £1,000,000.



MILITARY BALLOONING: HOW WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY WILL BE WORKED.

The large balloon reconnoitres and transmits by electrical waves the whereabouts of the enemy to the small balloon, which is easily towed about by one man accompanying the officer directing operations.



MILITARY BALLOONING: RECONNOITRING IN A STRONG WIND.

The balloon holds 11,000 cubic feet of gas. Ten of these balloons have been sent to Cape Colony, ten to Natal. The lifting power of each is 700 lb.

"A Prisoner of the Khaleefa: Twelve Years' Captivity at Omdurman," by Charles Neufeld (Chapman and Hall), though not equally interesting, on the whole, since the experiences which it relates are less varied and extensive, and the topic has now less freshness and novelty than belonged to the narratives of Father Ohrwalder and Slatin Pasha, is equally worthy of credit. The present reviewer, having diligently perused those and other well-authenticated accounts of the reign of the Mahdi and Khaleefa, the acts and the fate of General Gordon, and the military expeditions conducted by Lord Wolseley for the relief of Gordon, and recently by Lord Kitchener for the recovery of Khartoum, must avow his opinion that all Mr. Charles Neufeld's own statements are perfectly consistent with the best information that has been published, including official reports. As for the chapter "How Gordon Died," that involves matter of opinion. In rebutting the numerous charges brought against him, Mr. Neufeld, in our judgment, proves as clearly as, under the circumstances, any man, English or German, soldier or civilian, could be required to do, his loyalty to the common cause of civilisation against the horrible and inhuman tyranny of the Mahdi's successor.

The specific charges that were brought against Mr. Neufeld, of which he bitterly complains, are that he manufactured saltpetre for gunpowder, and constructed machinery for the ordnance factory, in aid of the Khaleefa's military forces; that he married, successively, and subsequently divorced two black women, though he had a good English wife living in this country to whom he is now happily restored; and that he refused to quit Omdurman upon two occasions when arrangements for his safe escape had been prepared at some cost to the subscribers in Europe. He shows, on the other hand, to the satisfaction of a candid reader, that the Mohammedan legal ceremony of marriage, which he was twice compelled to go through, was a merely formal compliance with the necessity of his situation, not really an act of bigamy; that he purposely and systematically wasted the Khaleefa's money,



CHARLES NEUFELD "WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES" IN PRISON.

From Charles Neufeld's "A Prisoner of the Khaleefa." (Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

materials, and slave labour, in producing a sham store of ammunition worse than useless for warfare, and machines which could never work, that he did not construct the riverside forts, or the torpedoes and explosives along the Nile, but he eventually sent to our army precise directions for avoiding and removing them, and that he was constantly occupied with schemes for effecting his own escape, never rejecting or omitting an actual opportunity, at whatever risk of death or of increased torture, which few men of European race have braved with more fortitude than Charles Neufeld. The book is not all pleasant reading; but Mr. Neufeld's volume has its value as a truthful record of the real condition of a portion of mankind. The illustrations, about forty in number, are mostly portraits or groups of figures, one of which is borrowed for this Journal by permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. We hope the publication will help to better the author's fortunes. It ought certainly to gain him a fair share of social esteem.

Mrs. Baker, who died at Anne Hathaway's cottage, near Stratford-on-Avon, on Monday, claimed to be a descendant of the Hathaways whom William Shakspeare made immortal. The pedigree in Mrs. Baker's family Bible begins with Susan Hathaway, believed to have been Anne's niece. Here it is—

Susan Hathaway m. William Taylor

John Hathaway Taylor m. Elizabeth Dobbin

Mary Taylor m. George Baker

The old lady had lived in Anne's home for over eighty years, and for over sixty had been showing it to visitors of all ranks and nationalities, latterly as the servant of the Shakspeare

Birthplace Trust. Without the relics in the form of furniture of Shakspeare's date which it contained, and which were sold separately, the house was purchased by the Trust for £3000, or somewhere near ten times the figure at which the Taylor family parted with it to a private individual years before, when visitors to Shakspeare Land were less numerous.



Photo. Tyler, Stratford-on-Avon.

THE LATE MRS. BAKER (DESCENDANT OF ANNE HATHAWAY), AT THE DOOR OF HER RESIDENCE, ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The serene old lady of the Hathaway blood who lived in it was always the principal attraction. She died when close upon her eighty-seventh birthday. She is survived by one son. The photograph is an excellent likeness. On the table is Mrs. Baker's family Bible.

The 10th "Prince of Wales's Own Royal" Hussars were raised and founded by General Gore in Hertfordshire during the Rebellion of the Old Pretender in 1715. The regiment distinguished itself in assisting to suppress the Rebellion of '45, fighting both at Falkirk and Culloden. It first saw foreign service in Germany in 1758 and 1763, and took part at the battle of Minden, where it pursued the enemy for over two hundred miles. The regiment also served at Warburg, Campen, Kirch-Denkern, and at Groebenstein. In 1783 it was permitted to bear the title of "The Prince of Wales's Own Light Dragoons." His Royal Highness was appointed its Colonel in 1796. In 1811 he added the title "Royal" to his regiment. The Prince of Wales's Own embarked for the Peninsula in 1808, and fought at Sahagun, Saldana, Majorga, and Benevente, and at Corunna, during the disastrous retreat, the 10th lost one officer and seventeen men from exhaustion. They again returned to the Peninsula in 1813, and were brigaded with the 15th and 18th Light Dragoons, under the command of Colonel Grant; and at Morales they made two hundred prisoners of the French 10th Regiment of Dragoons. They were present at Hormaza, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Pampeluna, Orthes, Tarbes, and Toulouse, gaining the honour of bearing "Peninsula" on their guidons, and embarked at Boulogne for England.

Their period in England was brief, for in 1815 they arrived at Ostend, and were brigaded with the 18th Hussars and the 1st King's German Legion, under Sir Hussey-Vivian. They arrived too late to join in the fighting at Quatre-Bras, but they assisted to cover the retreat of the army on Waterloo; they were to the fore on the ever-to-be-remembered 18th of June. It was with Sir P. Roberts in the Afghan Campaign of 1878-79, in the Kurram Column and in the Khost Valley, that the 10th were invaluable; they made a successful charge at Futehabad, and were at the operations at Ali Musjid. Their last honours were won in 1884 in Egypt, where they fought at Suakin and at El Teb, Tama, and Tamanieh. The officers in this regiment wear a peculiar chain pouch belt, from which they are nicknamed the "Chainy Tenth."



BAGGE OF THE 10TH HUSSARS.



THE 10TH (PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN ROYAL) HUSSARS.



THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: HOW THE BOERS PRACTISE SHOOTING.

Every Michaelmas Day the Lord Mayor of the City of London is elected for the year ensuing by the Liverymen of the City Guilds. In the olden days there was a special service in the ancient Guildhall Chapel, which was pulled down in 1822, much to the architectural loss of Guildhall Yard. Since this date the Corporation has attended St. Lawrence Jewry, which is the parish church of a portion of the Guildhall. The Lord Mayor, in his robes of state, preceded by the Mace-bearer and Sword-bearer, walks in procession with the Aldermen and Common Councilmen, from the Guildhall to the church, entering by the west door and proceeding up the centre of the building to the Corporation Pew (shown in the accompanying Illustration). The Lord Mayor occupies the chair of state, whilst the Aldermen are seated upon the benches along the four sides of the pew. The service used on these occasions is the Ante-Communion office, followed by a sermon from the Lord Mayor's Chaplain. After the sermon a return is made to the Guildhall. There Mr. Alderman Newton was chosen new Lord Mayor.

St. Lawrence Jewry, one of Wren's churches, was finished in 1680, and is noted for the magnificent carving of its organ and door-cases, and the beauty of the paintings and carved work in the vestry, which is the finest room in any London church. The Corporation pew, which is the largest pew in the City, measures 15 ft. by 9 ft.—the size of a small room. It is surrounded by a panelled screen 3½ ft. high, including the beautiful open carved work which surmounts it. The doors of the pew bear the City arms and griffins. Before the Lord Mayor's chair, which is covered in crimson velvet, stands a small table for his Lordship's books; and behind the chair rises the fine wrought-iron sword-stand for the reception of the City Sword. The pew is carpeted and upholstered in red, and wears an air of quaint luxury and stateliness in keeping with the importance of the occasion.

The story of the preliminaries of the most pacific of yacht-races is one of perils and adventures. The *Shamrock*, though her mission in American waters is one of friendship, if also of rivalry, has been no exception to the rule. The winds in New York Harbour have sometimes blown her too much, just as the calms kept her too quiescent in mid-Atlantic. There was the drifting vessel that nearly ran into her; and there was the sprinkling of her deck when a shell from the practising forts fell alarmingly near to her. Then, on a morning when everything seemed to promise a good spin, the jaw

of the gaff was carried off, and the end of the spar stuck out beyond the mast on the after side, jamming the throat halyards, so that there was much trouble in lowering the sail and much fear of the gaff going through the mainsail. Not by any minor disabilities of the sort was courage lost by Sir Thomas Lipton in his attempt to bring back to England the America Cup—a silver vessel, not of high intrinsic value, and familiarly known on the other side as "the mug." The latest results from the waters of contest will be found on another page.

Back again to farce goes the Criterion under Mr. Frohman's régime. Once more, as the English title of the new piece suggests ("My Daughter-in-Law") there is exploited the stale topic of the mother-in-law, and the treatment of the theme is of the usual mechanical order. You have the youthful couple and the old people living in adjacent flats, the jealous mother and her amiable little rival wearing the same dinner-frock; and the final triumph of the younger generation turning on the familiar catastrophe which reveals the father as an elderly reprobate. Perhaps "My Daughter-in-Law" is a little more innocent than the average vaudeville, though there is nothing very nice in a mother-in-law who plans to secure a divorce for her son that he may marry her pet Countess, or, indeed, in a heroine who unscrupulously outmanœuvres the

old lady at the expense of her unhappy father-in-law. Nor does the political atmosphere which hangs over the play assist the fun: a private secretary who copies the poses of a famous statesman is not even unconsciously humorous; while the introduction of a short-sighted art connoisseur and a deaf musical critic, to afford entertainment through their physical afflictions, is not too worthy an expedient. And to atone for the tameness of the fun and the thinness of the story there is no very striking acting at the Criterion. Mr. Herbert Standing in the rôle of a henpecked husband, Miss

Fanny Brough in her truculent vein, Mr. Seymour Hicks and charming Ellaline Terriss as the young rebels, work hard and earnestly, but there is no irresistible gaiety about either play or players.

The Princess's management on Saturday last revived Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Harriett Jay's wildly incredible but plangently pathetic melodrama, "Alone in London." Fourteen years ago, at the Olympic, its realistic stage pictures of Westminster Bridge and the Rotherhithe sluice-gates, and its capital interpretation at the hands of such sterling performers as Leonard Boyne, Herbert Standing, and poor Amy Roselle, won this piece an exceptional popularity. But both the scenic effects and the acting supplied now at the Princess's will bear comparison with those of the original production. Miss Lillah McCarthy is now the flower-girl heroine so outraged in her feelings both as wife and mother; Mr. William Clayton plays Nan's flashy and criminal husband; and

Mr. Frank Cooper is cast for the rôle of the bashful but athletic hero. All three show spirit and intensity; while certain memorable comic characters find admirable representatives in Mr. Fred Emney, Mr. Sidney Howard, Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay, and above all, in clever Miss Laura Linden.

October bids fair to be as busy a theatrical month as September. On Thursday, too late for detailed notice this week, Messrs. Frank Wheeler and Broadhurst Brothers produced at the Strand a new "operatic farce" entitled "The Prince of Borneo." To-night Mr. Wilson Barrett presents at the Lyceum the long-promised and seemingly controversial drama of social contrasts, "Man and His Makers," which the actor-manager has written in conjunction with Mr. Louis Parker. A strong cast has been engaged for this interesting occasion, of which the most prominent members are Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Haidee Wright, Miss Maud Jeffries, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Ambrose Manning, and, of course, Mr. Wilson Barrett himself.



PEW IN ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY OCCUPIED BY THE RETIRING LORD MAYOR DURING THE MAYORAL SERMON ON MICHAELMAS DAY.

Photo, supplied by A. S. Walker.



THE AMERICA CUP.

Photo, West, Southey.



THE BROKEN GAFF OF THE "SHAMROCK."

Photo, Burton, New York.

THE AMERICA CUP: THE YACHTS AND THEIR CAPTAINS.



CAPTAIN CHARLES BARR,
"COLUMBIA."



THE STERN OF THE "SHAMROCK."



CAPTAIN ARCHIE HOGARTH,
"SHAMROCK."



Photo. West, Southsea.

"SHAMROCK," THE CUP CHALLENGER.



Photo. J. & J. 1899.

"COLUMBIA," THE CUP DEFENDER OF 1899.



"DEFENDER" BOW ON, RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND
WITH SPINNAKER ON.



"COLUMBIA" ON THE WAYS.



"COLUMBIA" CLOSE-HAULED ON THE PORT TACK,
SANDY HOOK, JULY 6.

are accompanied by big steam-tenders, that of the *Shamrock*, the *Erin*, having cost \$400,000. In the *Columbia* there are absolutely no quarters. Imagination paints the interior of the modern yacht as a temple of luxury, electrically lighted and magnificently furnished. A single glance through a gangway into the interior of the *Columbia* is enough to dispel all illusions. There are steel beams and braces, and the plating of the hull—and emptiness. She is totally unfinished, no equipment or furnishing being added for fear of increasing the weight and thereby reducing speed.

Racing-yachts, like racing-horses, have three principal paces. A horse specialises—he is a good trotter, a good runner, or a good pacer, according to his training—but a yacht is expected to be almost equally proficient in all of her paces. The chief of these, and it is unquestionably the finest of all developments in yacht-racing, is called "pointing"; which expresses the ability of a yacht for sailing in the direction from which the wind is blowing. All sailing craft, when the wind is dead ahead of them, are compelled to tack back and forth, and the vessel that can make its course with the fewest tacks—that is, sail straightest toward the wind—will necessarily win the race. The *Columbia* will point her bowsprit well within four points, or forty-five degrees, of the wind, closer, perhaps, than any American ship ever before was able to sail. In pointing, the sheets (the ropes which let out or pull in the boom and control the mainsail) are hauled in close, so that the boom is almost parallel with the length of the yacht; and if the wind is strong, the racer often lies over until her lee rails (the side of the yacht away from the wind) are awash, and the men lie up to windward flat on their sides, like rows of dried herrings. A yacht in this trim is said to be "close-hauled."

The next most important pace of the yacht is called "reaching," in which she is said to be sailing with "started sheets"—that is, her boom is allowed to swing a little outboard, at an acute angle with the length of the yacht, so that the mainsail catches a good deal of the breeze. In reaching, the wind is on one side, or beam, of the yacht, or just abaft the beam, that is, towards the stern.

The third pace of the racer is called "running," in which the wind is blowing directly behind the yacht. In this case the sheets are "eased away," or let out until the mainsail stands at a broad angle with the length of the boat. It is in running before the wind that the yachtsman "breaks out" or spreads his spinnaker, the spinnaker being an exceedingly important racing sail, which is set by means of a removable boom just opposite and balancing the mainsail. It is an enormous sail of light balloon-cloth. A good yacht's crew can put up the spinnaker

matched under two exactly opposite sets of conditions. The other races will be sailed over a triangular course, ten miles on a side, or "leg," so that the yachts can be tried in all of their paces.

As in a horse-race, perhaps the most important feature of a yacht-race is what is called "jockeying for a start." Just as that rider who is successful in getting the pole is regarded as the most accomplished jockey, so the skipper who succeeds in driving his boat closest into the wind, and crossing the line exactly on time to the windward of his rivals, is likely to get a long advantage—at least, on the first leg of the course; for, being to the windward, he cuts off, or blankets, the other yachts from the wind with his own huge sails. This effort to get to windward and not to cross the starting-line until the exact moment of the firing of the gun, causes great excitement.

When the races are over, the day of the racers themselves is done. The *Columbia* has been built for the express purpose of developing a speed sufficient to beat the *Shamrock* on a particular occasion. When that occasion is past, her value to a large extent has passed with it. Her owners will do well if they can sell her for \$25,000. The *Vigilant*, which is said to have cost upwards of \$100,000, was sold, after she defeated *Valkyrie II.*, to George J. Gould for \$27,000; but she was better fitted for general service, perhaps, than the *Columbia*. The *America*, although rebuilt, still possesses the racing blood which made her famous. She has had a most remarkable history. After her famous race around the Isle of Wight, she attracted such wide

interest among British yachtsmen that she was purchased by Lord de Blaquière, and raced in English waters with much success. During the Civil War she was employed as a despatch-boat and blockade-runner by the Confederate Government, a service for which her swiftness eminently fitted her. She was sunk for some time in St. John's River, being afterwards raised and refitted by the Federal Government, man-o'-war fashion, as a practice-vessel for the cadets of the Naval Academy. Only last year she beat the *Puritan* in a lively sailing-race in the schooner class, and she stands out to-day, as she did in 1851, as a splendid example of American shipbuilding.



THE PRESIDENCY, BLOEMFONTEIN.

boom and break out the great sail within five minutes. It is always the occasion of great activity and apparent excitement aboard ship, and he is a wise skipper who knows just the proper moment to put up his spinnaker and to take it in again.

In all yacht-races the courses are so arranged as to give the yachts the greatest possible variety of sailing weather. For instance, in the coming races between the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock* off Sandy Hook, one course will be a straight-away run of fifteen miles and return. If the wind follows on the run out, it will probably be a head wind during the run home, so that the yachts will be



THE POSITION OF BOER STRONGHOLDS.

Showing their western boundary and the mountainous country and road between Mafeking and Pretoria. Boers occupy a strong position at Zeerust, guarding the road to Pretoria. The British troops are massing at Ramathlabana. (Scale, eight miles to the inch.)

LADIES' PAGES.

I wonder if Tennyson was quite right when he wrote: "The fame that follows death is nothing to us." It would be sad, if this were surely true, to see a posthumous over-growing appreciation of which the object could not have had the least expectation. The worker for a political reform or a social change in which he thoroughly believes will surely have a Pisgah-like vision (perhaps but a mirage, alas!) of the final success of his cause, as mankind grow more enlightened; for a faith in his principles justifies a belief in the ultimate reward of his own services to them in the shape of the appreciation of posterity. But no such assurance can be felt about literary or artistic fame; if it be not gained and enjoyed in life, the worker can have no reason to suppose that the work will live on and secure more just recognition in days to come. Yet sometimes this actually occurs; and instead of the current of time washing away into the sea of oblivion the little barque that was hardly observed when it was launched at first, the progress of that mighty stream only clears away the competing crowd that hid the effort of genius, and reveals it to the admiration of the generation following after.

Emily Brontë is the most striking illustration of "the fame that follows death." Her short life ended with its scanty work apparently already passed into complete, unpraised oblivion; she could not possibly have hoped for what has actually happened: that not only would her novel and her poems be continually reprinted, but that a succession of influential critics would allot her a high place in the hierarchy of English literature. A double memorial to Jane Austen, which is now being raised, recalls another, though less extreme, case in point. A monument over Miss Austen's grave in Winchester Cathedral is being erected by public subscription; and a tablet has just been placed on the house in which she once resided at Bath. Jane Austen did not so utterly miss her reward in her lifetime as Emily Brontë; but she can have had no idea while she lived of the position that would ultimately be assigned to her in letters. For long years (she died in 1817) she has been an "author's author." Sir Walter Scott's recently published diary records his reading "Emma" for the fourth time; Harriet Martineau speaks of reading "Persuasion" for the eleventh time; Archbishop Whately used to make a capacity for enjoying her works his test of an individual's literary intelligence; and Macaulay declared her in many respects next to Shakspeare! At last, after so long, this enthusiasm is spreading to the general reading public.

The Countess of Aberdeen is editing a report of the Transactions at the recent Congress of Women. It is to be shortly published in seven volumes at three shillings and sixpence each. Mrs. Bedford Penwick, the treasurer, has just issued her official financial report, from which it appears that upwards of 5000 persons paid for admission to



AN EVENING WRAP OF WHITE CLOTH OUTLINED WITH JET.

the meetings. Many more tickets could have been sold, hundreds having to be turned away from nearly all the meetings. The total receipts from sale of tickets and literature were over £1100; besides which £670 was subscribed (all by ladies, except £14 given by four men) for preliminary expenses. The whole cost of the Congress, hire of halls, printing, secretarial salaries, postages, reporting, and all else, is thus paid, and a balance is left, of which £300 is assigned for printing the Transactions, and £100 is given as a donation to the "International Council," under whose auspices (with Lady Aberdeen as president) the meetings were arranged. Of course, it is obvious that the organisation was done so cheaply by aid of an immense amount of unpaid work by the hon. secretaries and members of the various sectional committees. It is certainly a most creditable record of organisation and business management on the part of women—for though some gentlemen read papers to the Congress, the arrangements were made exclusively by ladies.

Our illustrations depict handsome evening wraps, both showing the use of white and black together. One is of white cloth strapped and outlined with jet, and trimmed with full flouncings of white chiffon edged with black velvet ribbon. It is lined and trimmed, as shown, with black and white striped satin. The other is also of white cloth, the seams trimmed down with narrow passementerie of jet and silver, each line ending under a black velvet rosette. Lace is festooned round it, supported on chiffon flounces, and a lace scarf finishes off the front. The upturned hood round the shoulders is in harmony with the rest of the design.

As the wise woman builds her house, in the emphatic words of Solomon, so does she choose her autumn gown before the chill winds of the fall of the year reduce her to misery in the shape of colds and coughs. The purveyors of fashion are aware that we need dress materials in good time, and replenish their shelves accordingly. "Drap decoupée," or, in English, "perforated cloth," is to be one of the leading fashions of the near future. In the simpler form of a regular series of round holes embroidered in buttonhole-stitch all over the cloth, it is to be obtained by the yard, to be applied to plain cloths in harmonising or contrasting colours at the dressmaker's option. But it principally appears after the fashion of the embroidered muslins of the by-gone summer, all ready cut and shaped to make up into a skirt by the simple placing of it on a foundation and

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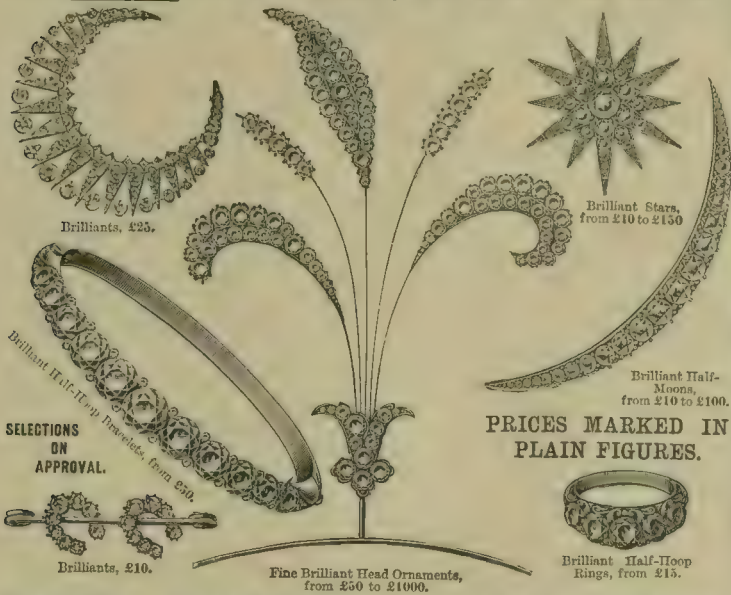
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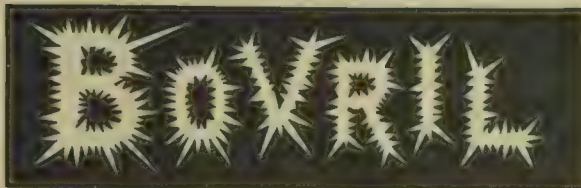
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C F FAYNE (Bengal).—Both your problems are accepted, and we must confess that for a first attempt we have never seen anything to equal that sent at the end of July.

H C SLATER, R.N. (Plymouth).—The Black King cannot go on the square you mention. The rule wants amplification. The King cannot move on to any square commanded by a hostile piece, whether that piece is free to move or not.

L SHARRICK.—See answer to H C Slater above.

E J WINTER WOOD.—We are very pleased to hear from you again, and your contribution is acknowledged with thanks.

G J HERRARD & CO. (Ed.).—Much obliged.

R S STEWART.—It was published by Trilbner some years ago, and is now out of print.

H D O'BRYEN.—The game is very well played by White, but the weakness on the other side brings the game below the standard of publication. There must be a certain quality of play on both sides.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2801 received from Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F Harrison (Liverpool), C E Percini, H S Brandreth (Pan), T G Ware, T G Hughes (Homburg), F J S (Hampstead), Sorrento, Edith Corser (Leigate), H Le Jeune, Marcella (Cambridge), T Roberts, Reginald Conlon (Kensington), Shalforth, F W Moore (Brighton), W H Bohn Worthing, R Worters (Canterbury), Bruno Feist (Cologne), Alpha, J D Tucker (Hilkey), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Colham), L Penfold, W A Barnard (Uppingham), G Cole (Swansea), J H Warburton Lee (Whitechurch), Charles Burnett, and Hereward.

CHESS IN DENMARK.

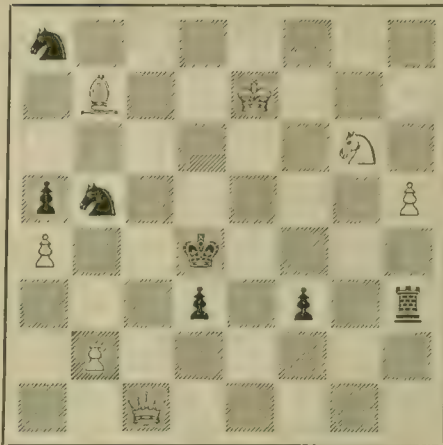
Game played in a Tournament at Copenhagen between Messrs. C. HYDRBO and H. KRAUSE.
(By Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	28. R to Q 7th	Q to Q 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	29. K to K 2nd	Q to B 7th (ch)
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	30. K to Q 3rd	Q to Q 5th (ch)
4. Castles	Kt takes P	31. K to K 2nd	R to K 5th (ch)
5. R to K sq	Kt to Q 3rd	32. R to K 4th	Q to B 7th (ch)
6. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	33. K to Q 3rd	Q to B 8th (ch)
7. B to Q 3rd			
A good game and interesting. I have not seen any game recently like this, and the tactics are very clever. Black's position is very strong.			
8. R takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	White is obliged, if Black persists, to submit to a draw, and on the other hand, Black must see to it that the threatened Q to R 5th (ch) by White does not succeed.	
9. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	34. K to B 3rd	Q to R 8th (ch)
10. P to Q K 3rd	Kt to K sq	35. K to Q 3rd	Q to B 8th (ch)
11. B to Kt 2nd	P to Q 4th	36. K to B 3rd	Q to R 8th (ch)
12. Q to B 3rd	P to K B 4th	37. K to Q 3rd	Q to B 7th (ch)
13. Q to R sq	B to Q 3rd	38. K to K 2nd	P takes B (ch)
14. R (K 5th) to K 2	K to K B 3rd	39. K to Q 3rd	Q to R 5th
15. Kt to B 6th	P to B 6th	40. K to B 3rd	P to Kt 5th
16. P to K R 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	41. Q to B 6th	Q to B 3rd (ch)
17. B takes Kt	Q takes B	42. Q takes B	R to K 4th
18. Q to R 6th	Q to Kt 2nd	43. K to Kt 4th	R to K 2nd
19. P to K B 3rd		44. R to Q 5th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
A good move, preventing any attack of P to K 2nd and making way for the Knight to follow.			
20. Kt to B 2nd	B to Q 2nd	45. R to Q 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
21. Kt to Kt 4th	R to B 3rd	46. Q to Q 6th	R to Q 4th
22. Q takes B	Q takes Kt	Well played. Nothing can now save the game, as Black must force a Pawn to Queen.	
23. R to K 6th	P to B 4th (ch)	47. Q takes Q (ch)	K takes Q
24. K to B sq	R takes R	48. K takes R	Kt takes P
25. R takes R	B to Q 6th	49. Kt takes P	P takes R
26. R to Q 6th	B to Q B 4th	50. K to B 3rd	P takes P
27. B takes R P (ch)	K to R sq	51. K to Q 3rd	K to Kt 4th
It is curious that Black would lose his			
Black wins.			

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2801.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE.
1. Kt to B 2nd
2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2804.—By F. HEALEY.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

At the Grocers' Exhibition, which opened on Sept. 30 at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, one of the most attractive features is the stand of Messrs. Alfred Bird and Sons, where the firm exhibit numerous dainty dishes made from their famous specialities. The dishes are prepared on the spot, ready for tasting and testing.

The winter medical session began at several of the London Hospitals on Monday, Oct. 2. Most of the opening addresses to the students dealt with the scientific development of modern medical teaching and practice. At St. George's Hospital Dr. W. H. Dickinson declared that the tendency of the age was to enlist in the service of the physician the great forces of the external world rather than place reliance upon the druggist. He ventured to predict that ere long every zymotic disease would be found to have an extraneous origin. At Charing Cross Dr. J. Mitchell Bruce spoke hopefully of the progress of our knowledge of the agents of destruction. At St. Mary's Mr. Plummer referred to the prospects of experimental science. Various references were made to the spread of popular information and the ultimate defeat of uninformed prejudice. The confidence of scientific men was in the triumph of truth.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (as contained in paper writings A and B, dated respectively July 11 and Oct. 22, 1895), with two codicils (dated Aug. 28, 1897, and April 19, 1899), of Mr. Herbert Ernest Matthew Davies, formerly of Walton House, Walton-on-Thames, and late of 12, Hyde Park Gardens, who died on July 4, was proved on Sept. 26 by Mrs. Clotilde Helena Maria Davies, the widow, Leopold Frederick Davies, the brother, and the Rev. Clements Graham Onslow Bond, the nephew, the executors, the gross value of the estate amounting to £734,311, and the net personality to £632,694. The testator bequeaths all his jewellery, plate, furniture, works of art, articles of household use or ornament, horses, carriages, live and dead farming stock, and £100,000 to his wife; £10,000 to his brother Leopold Frederick; and £1000 to his sister Emma Georgianna Davies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife so long as she shall remain his widow, and then to his children in equal shares. In default of children, on the death or remarriage of his widow, he gives one fourth of the residue to his brother Leopold Frederick, and three fourths to his children of his brothers Thomas Henry Davies and Sydney Charles Davies, and his sister Frances Marian Bond.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1899) of Mr. Laurence Trent Cave, of Ditcham Park, Petersfield, and 13, Lowndes Square, who died on Aug. 17, was proved on Sept. 21 by Mr. Charles John Philip Cave, the son, and Charles William Greenwood, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £541,540. The testator bequeaths £5000, No. 13, Lowndes Square, with the furniture and effects therein, the contents of the stables, and the income of £70,000, to his wife, Mrs. Lucy Cave; his collection of coins and £109,265 to his son Charles John Philip; £95,000 to his son Adrian Laurence; £3000 to his cousin, Laurence Trent Greenwood, and £2000 to her husband, Granville George Greenwood; £1000 to Charles William Greenwood; £300 each to Rose Geraldine Ferguson, the Rev. Sebastian Bowden, and the Rev. Francis A. Gasquet; £100 each to Charles Andrew Prescott, Henry Warner Prescott, and his sons-in-law Mr. Holland and Mr. Dutton. Having in his lifetime made provision for his daughter Mrs. Edith Laurencia Mary Holland, and settled £20,000 each upon his daughters Mrs. Blanche Eleanor Dutton and Mrs. Margaret Lucy Petre, he now gives to Mrs. Holland £100 for the purchase of a memento, and, upon trust, for Mrs. Dutton and Mrs. Petre, £27,500 each. He devises Ditcham Park and his property in Barbadoes to his son, Charles John Philip, in fee simple, and leaves to him the residue of his property.

The will (dated May 29, 1899) of Sir Edward Frankland, K.C.B., F.R.S., D.C.L., of The Yews, Reigate, Surrey, who died on Aug. 9, was proved on Sept. 27 by Samuel West, the son-in-law, and Percy Faraday Frankland, F.R.S., the son, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £138,627. The testator gives his freehold residence, The Yews, with the leasehold land attached thereto, his chemical, physical, and astronomical apparatus,

Mappin & Webb's

(Ltd.)

FITTED DRESSING BAGS.

Illustrated Price List of
100 Varieties Post Free.



The "Trouville" Bag, in finest Morocco Leather, completely fitted with richly chased Sterling Silver Requisites, as illustrated, £26 5s.

THE PUBLIC SUPPLIED DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' WHOLESALE PRICES.

Only London Addresses:

158 to 162, OXFORD ST., W., &
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(Facing the Mansion House).

MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD.

Warning to Wine Buyers

Recent cases in the Law Courts which have been reported in the Press have shown that there is frequently much deception practised in the wine trade.

To avoid being deceived the public must realise the fact that the mere name on a bottle of wine means little.

The vital questions are:—

In What Year was it Grown?
Where was it Grown?
How is it Guaranteed?

The HATCH, MANSFIELD PRICE LIST

contains a complete list of Vintages based on the universally accepted verdict of connoisseurs, and clearly distinguishing the GOOD from the BAD and INDIFFERENT Vintages. The authenticity of every wine and spirit quoted is guaranteed independently by the best known Growers, Shippers, and Distillers. The Price List, with full details of Vintages, guarantees, and particulars of Hatch, Mansfield & Co.'s methods of business, can be obtained on application at 1, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.



A FRIEND FOR FAIR FORMS AND FACES.

Ladies Like it
because it floats.

Ladies are Pleased with
its dainty appearance.

SWAN White Floating SOAP is manufactured from the purest and sweetest of edible oils and fats, and is expressly made for washing dainty fabric, for the toilet, and the bath.

A PURER SOAP IS BEYOND THE ART OF SOAPMAKING.



Ladies are Charmed with
its fragrant aroma.

Ladies are Delighted with
its exquisite purity.

the electric-light plant, steam and gas engines, the furniture and consumable stores, his library of scientific works, and the Copley gold medal to his son Percy Faraday Frankland; his Order and Collar of the Bath and the Royal Gold Medal to his son Frederick William Frankland; the silver duplicate of the Royal Gold Medal to his daughter Mrs. Sophie Jeannette Colenso; the Wilde gold medal to his daughter Mrs. Margaret Nanny West; £3000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Ellen Dorothea Frankland and Catherine Frances Helga Frankland; £200 each to his executors and his cousin Alice Silverwood; £300 each to his unmarried daughters; £2000 to his secretary Jane Lund; £300 to his assistant William Thomas Burgess; and his jewels, plate, and pictures between his six children. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, Frederick William Frankland, Mrs. Margaret Nanny West, and Mrs. Sophie Jeannette Colenso.

The will (dated June 23, 1892), with two codicils (dated Dec. 13, 1892, and May 8, 1895), of Sir Charles Lennox Peel, G.C.B., of Woodcroft, Cuckfield, and 96, Eaton Square, Clerk to the Privy Council, who died on

Aug. 19, was proved on Sept. 25 by George Arthur Peel and Horace Peel, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £104,379. The testator gives £3000 and a portrait of the first Sir Robert Peel, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, to his son George Arthur; £2500 to his daughter Cecilia Georgiana, if unmarried at the time of his death; £100 each to the Sussex County Hospital, the Brighton Female Orphan Asylum, and to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Cuckfield for such church or other charitable purpose as they may think fit; £50 per annum to Anne Meredith for life; his plate with the Peel crest between his sons; legacies to servants; and specific gifts of paintings to his brother Colonel Cecil Lennox Peel, his sister Constance Augusta Peel, his brother-in-law Lord Templemore, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and Miss Jane Gordon. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares between his children.

The will (dated July 4, 1898), with three codicils (dated Aug. 4, 1898, and Jan. 18 and March 8, 1899), of Miss Emma Lucy Flemming, of 16, Leamington Road Villas, Westbourne Park, who died on April 15, has been proved

by William Horsley and William Alexander Weightman, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £103,488. The testatrix gives £1000 to the Blind Pension Society; £3000 to the Bexhill Convalescent Home; £5000 to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; £5000 to the Westminster Hospital; £3000 to the Middlesex Hospital; £2000 to the London City Mission; £3000 to the Consumption Hospital, Brompton; £2000 to the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital; £1000 to the Providence Row Night Refuge; £1000 to the Newport Market Refuge; £1000 to the Poplar Hospital for Accidents; and £500 each to the Asylum for Teaching the Blind (Kennington) and to Miss Agnes Weston's Home for Sailors (Portsmouth). She also gives £4000 to Amelia Martin; £6000 Gas Light and Coke Company's stock to Mrs. West; £1000, upon trust, for Alexander Flemming Ramuz; £1000 each to her executors; £1000 and her furniture to George Newman; and a few specific gifts. The residue of her property she leaves to the London Hospital and Guy's Hospital in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1896) of Mr. Ernest Arthur Brocklehurst, of Barnsdale, near Oakham, Rutland, who

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

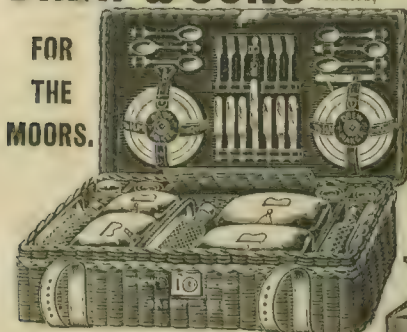
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites. Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets. Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., GUILDFORD STREET, LAMBETH, LONDON, S.E.

DREW & SONS Actual Makers, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.



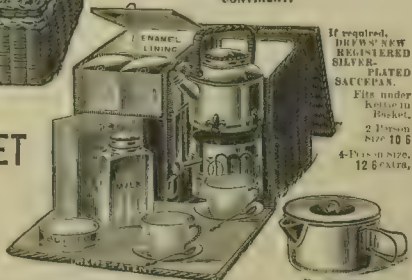
DREWS' PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA-BASKET

AS SUPPLIED TO H.M. THE QUEEN.
2-Person With Silver-Plated Kettle, £2 17s. 6d.
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8-Person With Silver-Plated Kettle, £2 10s.
N.B. Either of these "En Route" Baskets with Drawings, Railway Attachment Lid and Full Tray; 2 compartments, 7s. 6d.; 4-compartment, 10s. 6d., extra to above prices. Sent carefully packed to all parts of the world. Cheques should accompany Orders by Post.

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Provision Boxes Fitted with Drews' New Enamelled White Linings. All Fittings of Best Make and Practically Arranged. Made in Two Qualities, viz. Plain Black-Tin and Silver-Plated.
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In Stock for 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 12 Persons.
Prices from £2 upwards.

DREWS' "EN ROUTE" TEA BASKET INDISPENSABLE TO ALL TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT.



DREW & SONS Actual Makers of

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most renowned Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 12 or 30 penny stamps. MONEY AVAILABLE.
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PIANOS for Hire, 10s. per Month.
PIANOS on Three Years' System, 12s. 6d. per Month.
PIANOS, Secondhand, from 210. Lists Free.
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Gentlemen's Gold English Keyless Lever Watch, Three-quarter Plate, Fully Jewelled, Compensation Balance, in Strong 18-ct. Gold Hunter or Demi-Hunter Cases, with Handsomely Engraved Monogram, £17.
In Solid Silver Case £6.
A Large Assortment of Gentlemen's Watches in Stock from £17s. 6d. upwards.

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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is PERFECTLY HARMLESS and DELICIOUS to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

Unrivalled in Consumption and Bronchial Affections.

"Dr. de Jongh's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other with which I am acquainted."

Physician to the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor.

It is sold by all Chemists, in Capsuled Imperial Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.

See Testimonials surrounding each Bottle.

Sole Consignees: ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., Ltd., 210, High Holborn, London.

GOOD LUCK and GOOD HEALTH to the ARMY.

No apology is made for thus bringing the "Soldiers of the Queen" before your notice so prominently, for it is well known that every loyal British subject is justly proud of our Army. This is not at all surprising when we consider how much the Empire owes to the invincible courage and "do or die" determination of all ranks, from drummer-boy to the general in command. To be candid, it is only when our Imperial interests or possessions are actually threatened that we fully realise the importance of fostering and encouraging those qualities of pluck and hardy endurance which Britons everywhere, and our soldiers in particular, have always shown, when needed, either at home or abroad.

BEECHAM'S PILLS have always been a prime favourite with military men—trust a soldier for finding out and sticking to the best—for these tiny sentinels are able to guard their constitutions from Biliousness, Indigestion, Liver troubles, and other serious ailments as effectually as Tommy Atkins can guard the British Empire, her Colonies and Dependencies.

The proprietor of Beecham's Pills does not publish testimonials, but among the many thousands received no inconsiderable number are from soldiers, who thus desire to show their appreciation of this unrivalled medicine. BEECHAM'S PILLS are a household word all the world over, and the following curious and interesting facts are chosen from a variety to prove this assertion. Two Sergeants of a Liverpool Regiment have fixed an inscription in praise of Beecham's Pills over 15,000 ft. above the sea-level, upon a wall that divides Sikkim and Thibet. A Staff-Sergeant picked up a partly used box of Beecham's Pills by the side of a wounded Dervish at that ever-memorable battle of Omdurman. This box is now side by side with one which helped at least one of our brave boys to stand the trying march to Coomassie, and return home fit, and it would be interesting to know how many boxes are now on their way to the TRANSVAAL.

*I took
Beecham's
Pills*

*as a
private
soldier
& am now
a Sgt-major*



A
foreigner may sneer at the enthusiasm of our Volunteer Forces, and imagine that in actual warfare they would be of

LITTLE

use, but there is no doubt that in all our recent difficulties, and they have been many, the fact that the

BRITISH ARMY

is so well prepared for any contingency has made our very doubtful friends and would-be enemies pause before insulting or annoying us too far, but it

GOES

without saying that, to remain strong, we must keep healthy. A person suffering from Indigestion, Biliousness, and general ill-health often declares that life is

A —

burden, and he imagines nothing will set him right. Let him, however, purchase a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS and try them, and he will soon have cause to wonder why he suffered so

LONG

and unnecessarily when such a complete remedy exists, as it were, almost at his door. In this

WAY

he will realise beyond all doubt the truth of that old saying, that "Beecham's Pills are Worth a Guinea a Box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS are prepared only by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, at the Manufactory, St. Helens, Lancashire.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN BOXES, 1s. 1½d. (36 Pills) and 2s. 9d. each.

died on June 9, was proved on Sept. 22 by Colonel John Fielden Brocklehurst, the brother, the Hon. William Charles Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, the brother-in-law, and Ernest Charles Wyles, the executors, the value of the estate being £67,151. The testator bequeaths £10,000 each to his brothers John Fielden Brocklehurst and Alfred Brocklehurst; £1000 to his brother Henry Dent Brocklehurst; £2000 to his sister Mrs. Marianne Worthington; £5000 to the Hon. William Charles Wentworth-Fitzwilliam; £300 to John Fielden Cobbett; and £200 each to his valet and stand groom. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his sister Mrs. Constance Ann Wentworth-Fitzwilliam.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1883) of Mr. Alfred Thomas Townley, of 239, Unwin Road, Oswaldtwistle, Lancaster, who died on July 6, was proved on Sept. 18 by Samuel Johnson, M.D., the surviving executor, the value of the estate being £17,615. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Sarah Townley, for life or widowhood, and then in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated March 6, 1894) of Mr. Thomas Schofield, of 176, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, who died on Aug. 6, was proved on Sept. 22 by Charles William Harris, George Vaughan Arthur Schofield, the son, and Henry Avery Read, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £44,816. The testator gives his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Sarah

Elizabeth Schofield; £1000 and his two estates in British Honduras to his son Ernest Augustus Henry Schofield; and his freehold house and land at Croydon to his son George Vaughan Arthur Schofield. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fifth each to his sons George Vaughan Arthur Schofield and Dr. Gerald Schofield, and one fifth each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Jessie Dainton, Mrs. Gertrude Armitage Read, and Mrs. Juliet Kilby.

The will of Mr. Robert Dunnell, of 17, Roseleigh Avenue, Highbury Park, and the Old Brewery, Banbury, Oxford, who died on Aug. 4, was proved on Sept. 23 by Arthur James Dunnell, Alan Richard Dunnell, and Robert Francis Dunnell, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £10,427.

The will of Mr. John Low Erskine, M.D., of Goodhope, Surrey Road, Bournemouth, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Sept. 23 by Mrs. Helen Janet Millar Erskine, the widow, the executrix, the value of the estate being £15,926.

Referring to the account of the will of Mr. Frederick Rothwell, appearing in last week's issue, wherein it was stated the testator had left £150 to the Manchester Clerical Hospital for Women and Children, the correct name of the hospital to which such legacy is given is the Manchester *Clinical* Hospital for Women and Children.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

What is to be done with the clergy who refuse to suppress incense and portable lights? One of the High Church organs says that nothing will be done, that it is a great mistake to suppose that coercive measures for enforcing in a one-sided way ceremonial uniformity are likely to prove effective, or even to be attempted at all. It further urges that the Archbishop's emphatic repudiation of the idea that his opinion was a judgment, or his request a command that could be enforced, entirely refutes the notion that coercion will be applied.

The Rev. Anthony C. Deane, writing in a Church paper, says: "The alienation of almost all the newspapers from our side is a fact which the Catholic party must face, and, if possible, set itself to remedy." This hostility of the Press Mr. Deane ascribes partly to ignorance and partly to the easiness of writing Protestant articles, which please immensely the general public. Mr. Deane also thinks that the clergy, especially perhaps the younger clergy, still cling to the old Grub Street, and still regard journalism and journalists with something of patronage if not of contempt.

Mr. Austin Taylor, of the Laymen's League, writing in the *Contemporary Review*, pleads for the action of Parliament. The whole country, he says, has a right to decide whether the Establishment is or is not to remain upon a Protestant basis, and also whether those clergy

ACCIDENTS & AILMENTS.

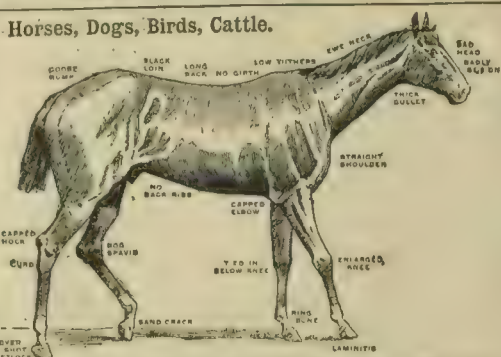
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Horses, Dogs, Birds, Cattle.

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170 pages.



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FOR THE HAIR.

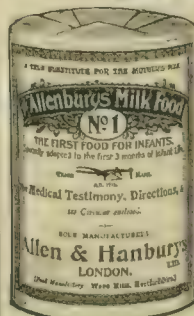
Preserves, Nourishes, Enriches, and Restores the Hair more effectually than any other preparation. Prevents Scurf, Greyness, and Dandriff, and has a most delightful bouquet of roses. Invaluable for Ladies' and Children's Hair. Also in a GOLDEN COLOUR, for fair or grey hair. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 equal to four small, a great saving.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

FOR THE TEETH.

The Best Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth; prevents decay; preserves the enamel; sweetens the breath; hardens the gums. Is free from gritty and acid ingredients, and preserves and beautifies the teeth for years. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SONS, Hatton Garden, London.

THE 'Allenburys' Foods.



A PROGRESSIVE DIETARY, unique in providing nourishment suited to the growing digestive powers of young Infants from birth upwards, and free from dangerous germs.

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1

Specially adapted to the first three months of life.

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No. 2

Similarly adapted to the second three months of life.

The "Allenburys" Malted Food No. 3

For Infants over six months of age.

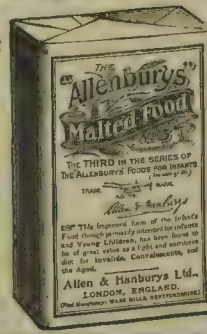
No. 3 Food is also specially recommended for Convalescents, Invalids, the Aged, and all requiring a light and easily digested diet. The London Medical Record writes of it that—"No better Food exists." Samples and descriptive pamphlet free.

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Complete Foods, STERILIZED, and needing the addition of hot water only.

To be prepared for use by the addition of COW'S MILK, according to the directions given.

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TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

FOR RED ROUGH HANDS

FOR ITCHING PALMS

FOR PAINFUL FINGER ENDS

ONE NIGHT TREATMENT.—Soak the hands thoroughly, on retiring, in a HOT lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear old gloves during the night. For sore hands, itching, burning palms and painful finger ends, this one night treatment is wonderful.

WOMEN Especially Mothers are most competent to appreciate the remarkable cleansing, purifying, and emollient properties of CUTICURA SOAP and to find new uses for it daily.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, London. French depot: L. MARY, Paris. Australian depot: R. TOWERS & CO., Sydney. Toronto depot: DAVIS & CO., Canada. Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

THE BEST OF ALL TABLE MINERAL WATERS.

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A BARGAIN.

He will be glad, too, that he bought it before the price had been increased, as it will be in a short time. A limited edition is offered at a minimum price, in order that this great word-book and fact-book may receive, as quickly as possible, the best of all advertisements—the commendation of people who have bought it and used it. At the price established by the publishers, the CENTURY DICTIONARY could never have attained a broad popularity, for it was too costly a work for the more modest sort of libraries. "The Times" inaugurates its issue of the work by distributing the first impression at

A REDUCTION OF 45 PER CENT.

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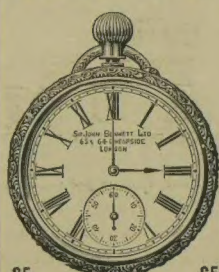
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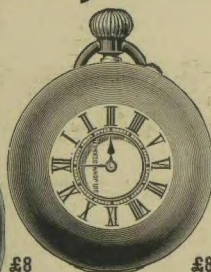
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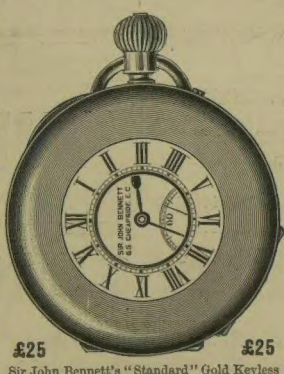
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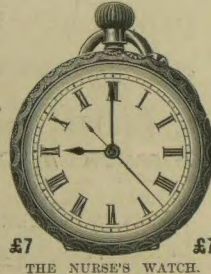
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who now think the Protestant basis a mistake are entitled to break their contract with the State by introducing illegal Catholic ritual. These questions, in Mr. Taylor's opinion, claim priority of attention, and must be settled before such other questions as the autonomy of the Church are considered. Mr. Taylor is not sure whether Disestablishment would check sacerdotal aggression, although he thinks it would certainly be preferable to the continued establishment of what may become practically a Roman Catholic Church.

A special meeting of Synods of the united dioceses of Limerick, Ardfer, and Agdhoe has been held for the purpose of electing a Bishop as successor to the late Dr. Graves. The several votes were taken, and ultimately eighty-three were given for the Archdeacon of Ardfer and eighty-one for the Dean of Limerick. As neither candidate had received a two-thirds majority of the orders voting, it was decided to send forward both names to the Bench of Bishops, with whom the appointment now rests. It is understood that either candidate would be generally acceptable to the dioceses, and it is thought better to have a Bishop thoroughly at home in his own country, unless it

were possible, as it is not always possible, to secure a very distinguished man from the outside.

A Lightfoot Aisle has been consecrated at St. Margaret's, Braemar. It is in memory of the late scholar Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, who spent many of his summers in this delightful Highland village. The aisle will hold sixty worshippers, and will be used as a winter chapel.

The attendance at the meetings of the Baptist Union in Leeds were the largest on record. Six thousand persons gathered to hear the Rev. Dr. Parker preach the Union sermon. Not one half were able to obtain admission.—V.

The Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery—and through them the nation at large—are to be congratulated on the Shelley Bequest, which for the first time brings together the members of this gifted family. The only portrait hitherto possessed by the nation was that of William Godwin, painted by H. W. Pickersgill, and purchased by the Trustees at the sale of the artist's works, suggesting that the author of "Political Justice" and "Caleb Williams" was not popular among picture-buyers.

The Gallery now, under the will of the late Lady Shelley, becomes possessed of the portrait of Percy Bysshe Shelley, painted in 1819 at Rome by Miss Curran, a daughter of the Irish statesman, and that by which the poet is best known to posterity. This picture, which nearly escaped being burnt, was at first condemned by Mrs. Shelley; and Miss Curran, believing that the Shelley family did not value it, was on the point of destroying it. The portrait shows even now the marks of the flames from which it was happily snatched; for although the work of a scarcely trained amateur, it is the best likeness of Shelley in existence. The portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the poet's wife, was painted more than twenty years later by Richard Rothwell, a promising pupil and imitator of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who might have attained distinction had his habits been less erratic. The third portrait of the bequest is that of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, Mary Shelley's mother, painted by John Opie, R.A., for William Godwin shortly after their marriage, and not long before Mary's death. The remaining portrait is that of William Godwin by James Northcote, R.A., who was a portrait-painter *malgré lui*.

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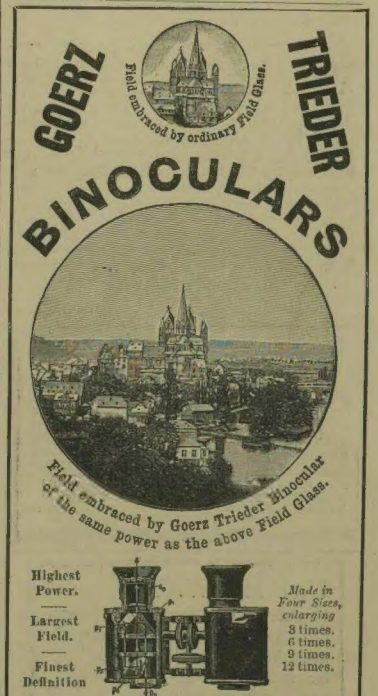
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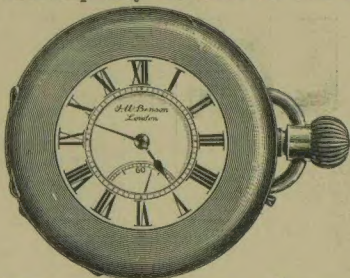
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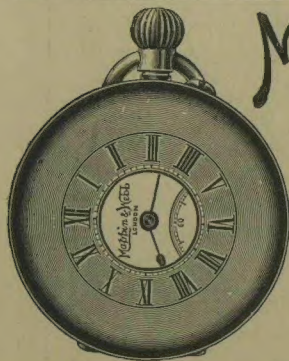
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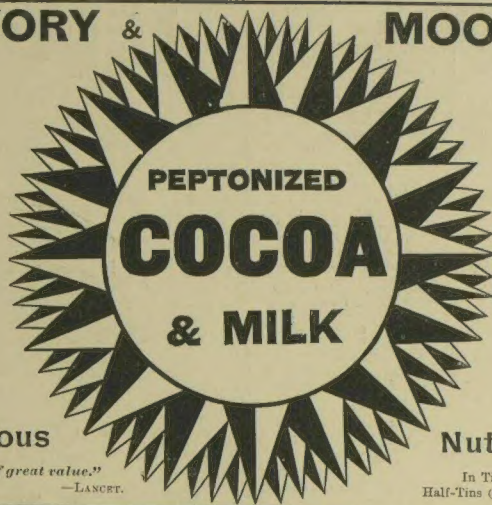
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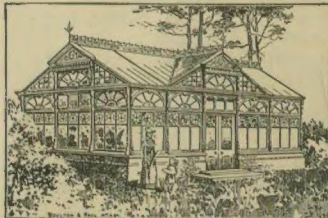
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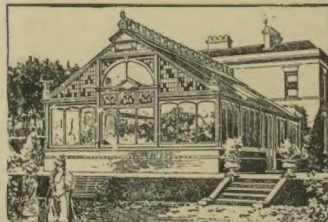
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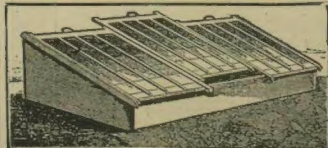
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